Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XXXII No. 38 SEPTEMBER 17, 1949 TWENTY CENTS

SEP 19 '49

SR 9/23/49
TUSCULUM COLLEGE
LIBRARY
GREENEVILLE TENN

Fritz Peters, author of "The World Next Door." *(See page 11)*

Hiroshima—Four Years Later

By NORMAN COUSINS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Turning point in the world's history . . .

The Twentieth Century

By HANS KOHN

Hans Kohn, interpreter extraordinary of world-shaking ideas, has written a dynamic new book. He gives a brilliant history and analysis of the powerful ideas of the 20th century that are making or destroying civilization — such explosive forces as communism and fascism, nationalism and pacifism, racialism and imperialism. The author of *The Idea of Nationalism*, Mr. Kohn will compel wide interest at this vital moment of our history. $2.50

Frank view of Russia

Guests of the Kremlin

By LIEUT. COL. ROBERT G. EMMENS

Five spirited young Doolittle flyers — forced down in Siberia after their famous raid on Tokyo—got a first-hand view of life behind the Iron Curtain when they were interned by the Soviet government. In this book one of them tells the story of their adventures, their experiences in various parts of Russia, and their escape into Iran a year later. Here is communism in action as seen, not by a reporter or an "expert," but through the unjaundiced eyes of a typical young American. $3.00

Can we have peace?

World Revolution in the Cause of Peace

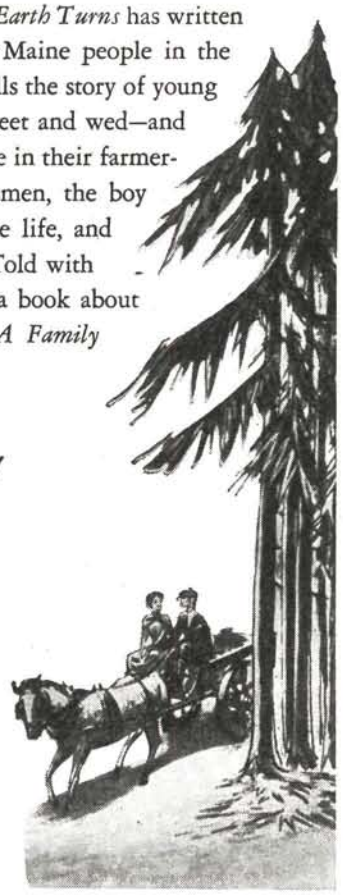
By LIONEL CURTIS

Harold C. Urey, famous atomic scientist, says of this plan for world government, "I recommend it to all Americans." Justice Owen J. Roberts says, "The prevention of world war has become the first essential for our survival . . . This book tells how it can be done, and in my opinion the only way it can be done. I hope it will be read and discussed throughout the length and breadth of this country." $2.50

"A golden story for all America to read"
—DANIEL A. POLING

Gladys Hasty Carroll...

The beloved author of *As the Earth Turns* has written a fine, vigorous novel about Maine people in the days of our grandfathers. It tells the story of young Molly and Brad—how they meet and wed—and how their love expands to take in their farmer-neighbors, the French woodsmen, the boy they rescue from a nightmare life, and finally their first-born child. Told with warmth and honesty, this is a book about human values that endure. *A Family Reading Club selection*



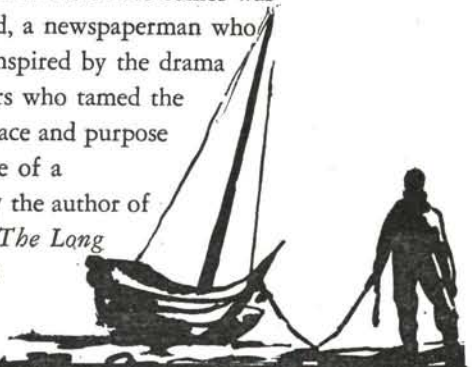
WEST of the HILL

$3.00 at all bookstores

A novel of the midwest by
WALTER HAVIGHURST

Signature of Time

To a picturesque island in Lake Erie comes war-battered Maury Hazard, a newspaperman who can no longer write. Inspired by the drama of his pioneer ancestors who tamed the wilderness, he finds peace and purpose in his life, and the love of a courageous woman. By the author of *Land of Promise* and *The Long Ships Passing* $3.50



AT ALL BOOKSTORES THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Week

September 17, 1949

Cover Drawing by Frances O'Brien

Article PAGE

HIROSHIMA—FOUR YEARS LATER
By Norman Cousins..... 8

Reviews

THE WORLD NEXT DOOR
Reviewed by Hollis Alpert.....11
THE CRACK IN THE COLUMN
Reviewed by Percy Knauth.....12
THE RIVER JOURNEY
Reviewed by John Woodburn.....13
SIGNATURE OF TIME
Reviewed by Edmund Fuller.....14
REST AND BE THANKFUL
Reviewed by Pamela Taylor.....14
THE PURPLE SHAMROCK
Reviewed by Cleveland Amory.....15
GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS
Reviewed by Norman H. Pearson....16
THE LOST PATHFINDER
Reviewed by Dale L. Morgan.....17
HAPPIER FOR HIS PRESENCE
Reviewed by Allan Nevins.....18
THANK GOD FOR MY HEART ATTACK
Reviewed by Joseph Rosenfarb.....18
RED FLANNELS AND GREEN ICE
Reviewed by Fletcher Pratt.....19
THE WATERS OF SILOE
Reviewed by Ann F. Wolfe.....20
PREHISTORIC MAN
Reviewed by M. F. Ashley Montagu..21
DRINKING'S NOT THE PROBLEM
Reviewed by Joseph Hirsh.....21
THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN NEMO
Reviewed by Sara Henderson Hay....22
CRAFTSMEN OF THE WORD
Reviewed by Boris Brasol.....23
ANNIE ALLEN
Reviewed by J. Saunders Redding....23
ROWAN HEAD
Reviewed by Henry Beston.....36
LIVE WITH LIGHTNING
Reviewed by Don Hollenbeck.....36
THE ROAD TO THE CITY
Reviewed by Ann F. Wolfe.....37
MANY DIMENSIONS
Reviewed by Richard McLaughlin....38

Departments

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf..... 4
YOUR LITERARY I. Q.....16
EDITORIAL 24
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....25
LITERARY CRYPT 28
BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE
By Mary Gould Davis.....32
THE FILM FORUM
By Cecile Starr.....35
THE CRIMINAL RECORD.....37
NEW EDITIONS
By Ben Ray Redman.....39
THE PHOENIX NEST
By William Rose Benét.....40
DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 808.....43

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer; Robert A. Low, Advertising Manager; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Robert Birnbaum, Assistant Circulation Director. Subscription $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation. Printed in the U. S. Vol. XXXII, No. 38. September 17, 1949. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue, Copyright 1949 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

Publishers of Fine Books for over Four Centuries

OXFORD

UNIVERSITY PRESS

THIS YEAR has seen college textbooks making the headlines: they presented, it suddenly appeared, a virgin field for the chase after subversive elements. It may be that the hounds have already been called off, because of numerous assertions that this field is no less than that of human knowledge and free debate, and not in a democracy so easily encroached upon.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS is pleased to announce for early publication a college textbook bearing on this very issue, by a teacher already well known to the reading public as the author of a distinguished biography of Brandeis. Bringing together more than a hundred selections from varied sources, it offers for the alert and curious outside as well as within the classroom an illuminating account of American political ideas, where they came from and how they have persisted:

Free Government in the Making

Readings in American Political Thought

Selected and edtied by ALPHEUS THOMAS MASON

Take, for example, the following from *The Simple Cobler of Aggawam*, by Nathaniel Ward. It was published in 1647; yet substitute secular for religious terms, and it represents an opinion held today:

> 'I dare aver, that God doth no where in his word tolerate Christian States, to give Tolerations to such adversaries of his Truth, if they have power in their hands to suppress them.'

At the same time, Roger Williams was speaking for the other side:

> 'Without search and trial no man attains this faith and right persuasion.'

Even among those whose ideas clash less violently there are surprising variations of temper, as in these statements from Justice O. W. Holmes and Randolph Bourne—contemporaries and both members of the liberal tradition:

> 'Not that we would not fight and die for our belief, if it is important —we all, whether we know it or not, are fighting to make the kind of world that we should like—but that we have learned to recognize that others will fight and die to make a different world with equal sincerity.' (Holmes, *in* 1915)
>
> 'The State is the organization of the herd to act offensively or defensively against another herd similarly organized.' (Bourne, in 1918)

Also represented are such worthy antagonists as William Lloyd Garrison and John C. Calhoun, William Graham Sumner and Eugene Debs, Herbert Hoover and Franklin Roosevelt. Less to be expected, but significant in their own way, are such fascinating documents as the exuberant address, 'Acres of Diamonds,' which the Reverend Russell H. Conwell delivered no less than six thousand times; H. L. Mencken's acidulous comments on democracy, and the hilarity with which Finley Peter Dunne's Mr. Dooley described philanthropic enterprise:

> 'Before another year, ivry house in Pittsburgh that ain't a blast-furnace will be a Carnaygie libry. In some places all th' buildin's is libries . . .'

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
114 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

DESPITE ALL WARNINGS and evidence to the contrary, hundreds of thousands of trusting souls still take as gospel every word they read in newspapers—even when the items appear in notoriously inaccurate, name-dropping gossip columns. To try to convince these gullible folk once more how easy it is to plant a complete fabrication—and keep it going indefinitely—TRADE WINDS reprints, with permission, a confession by the accomplished Whitney Bolton, whose airy pieces are a leading feature of the *Morning Telegraph*:

Dr. Fraim Sertorodos, professor holding the chair of Satanism and Demonology at Elsrun University in Transylvania, flitted ghoulishly through one of my dreams the other night and I awakened in what is insufficiently described as a cold sweat. The doctor is the stuff you cook to make nightmares, and it is time to twitch away the veils and expose him. Dr. Sertorodos is a phony. Dr. Sertorodos was created in late 1944 by a counsel of idiots who should have known better. All of us, employed by Columbia Pictures in Hollywood, agreed one day that it might be fun to create a savant as technical director for a raffish little film excursion into werewolfism then about to afflict the sound stages at Columbia. It never was a very good idea and it became worse as the days passed. Before it ended one of the world's most celebrated news agencies was waxing wroth (Wroth is the fellow who is always being waxed), a transcontinental photo agency was ready to sue, and six guys who should have known better were ready to pump gas in a filling station to make a living.

A glib agent named Herb Stern was the first to think of the need for a savant on the picture to which he had been assigned. In it, Miss Nina Foch, since arrived at better eminence as an actress, was to play a perfectly nice girl who had the unfortunate habit of turning into a wolf at inconvenient moments and tearing the throats out of her suitors. There is no memory whatsoever of what this escapade was called when it was released to a patient public; it is enough to remember Fraim—and shudder.

My contribution to the creation of this dangerous Adam was his name and the invention of the university. A man named John Woolfenden thought of the chair of Satanism and Demonology and several others came up with tidbits.

Fraim was first announced as having been hired for the job of technical adviser. All of the film trade press and a few dailies carried this story in what it deserved: three lines. A week later his arrival was announced, he having flown to Hollywood from his duties at the American Museum of Occultic Sciences. No newspaperman or editor checked and it never was discovered, even by four New York newspapers which carried the story, that no such museum was in existence. Four days later Fraim took a day off to unwrap a mummy flown to him from Egypt via Ferry Command (ATC) of the United States Army. He unwrapped the cadaver and two days later publicly pronounced it to be the authentic mummy of Princess Hefarshtuto, long missing in the gallery of antique Egyptian royalty. No Army man denied that Army planes in time of war had been used to fly a mummy and no Egyptologist ever rose to denounce the princess as a fabrication.

Up to this point Fraim was a counterfeit in every department. None of the stories was true in any degree. But a telephone call came one morning from the chief of the Associated Press Bureau in Los Angeles. He wanted a feature story on Fraim and he wanted it then. His voice sounded as though he were unhappy about Fraim. He was promptly told that Fraim had flown out the night before for a lecture tour in Cincinnati, Cleveland, and Columbus, and was not expected back for ten days. It should have been a warning, but six men by now were drunk with imagination. Our mistake was to announce his return from this tour—and it took two hours for the telephone to ring again. This time the Sunday editor of a nearby daily demanded a personal interview with this remarkable scientist and scholar.

Hastily we badgered a friend to sit in as Fraim. This man, not connected with the business, a Yugoslavian sculptor working in Los Angeles, had a notable accent and a good trick: he could take a small ball of clay in his hands and, as he talked, model it into a demoniac face. Youcca Salamunich consented to appear in suitable robes and a pound of clay and stand still as Dr. Sertorodos. It saved the day . . . indeed, it saved two days. Youcca's accent was thick and wonderful and his manner imposing. As he answered questions learnedly, his fingers were busy, and when the interview ended Youcca stood up and solemnly offered a frightening caricature of Satan to his interviewer.

"Minuh g o o t frand," he said hoarsely, "blizzes to hexcapt a tooken of my hadminratioon. A leetluh had from Santanisimus for your furplaze manteluh."

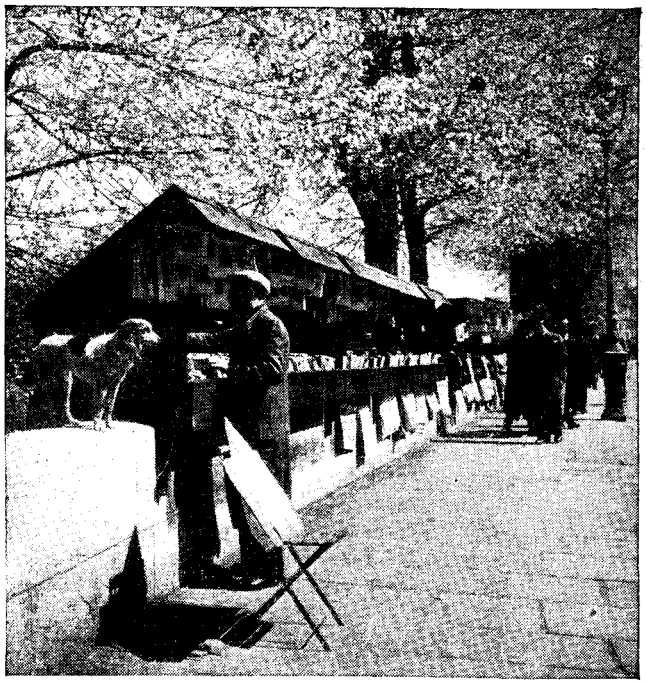
The reporter went away excited and honored. The story appeared and all the wonder went right out of the world. Phones began to ring, editors became demanding, and all the while the voice of the Associated Press, cold as $40-worth of new ice, kept probing. We called a meeting and we shook like young willows. A sage from the department came up with the solution. Announce Fraim as having been loaned to David Selznick as technical adviser on "Spellbound." We announced this without consulting Mr. Selznick and the explosion that resulted matched that of Krakatoa in every respect, except that there was more hot lava. Finally, munching toothily on humble pie, I went

(*Continued on page* 6)

"Feelthy American novels?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PLACE DE LA CONCORDE with its famous statues and fountains. Theatres, restaurants, cafés, museums invite you. Time flies by!



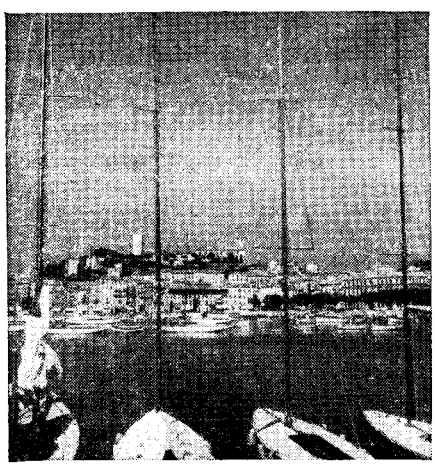
BOOKSTALLS on the Seine. Shopping's fun: in the smart shops of Rue de la Paix, Rue St. Honoré, or browsing at the flea market!

FALL is Fine in FRANCE

The Loveliest Time of Year for Your Holiday

In the autumn, France is at her best. Weather is superb, reservations are easier and better, interesting activities are in full swing. There are new shows, exhibits, "openings." The dollar goes far these days, in living, in travel, in shopping. French food again sustains its centuries'-old reputation. There is no "out-of-season" in France for *somewhere* there is always much to do. In October, for instance, after Paris, there's the South of France: the various provinces, the Côte d'Azur. Later winter sports in Alps, Pyrenees—or mountains but an hour from the Riviera.

EIFFEL TOWER VIEW shows the Seine, the Trocadero and the Chaillot Palace beyond. View from Tower's top is lovely.



SOUTH OF FRANCE: the harbor, Cannes. There's every sport, under the Riviera's sun. Evenings dancing or at the Casino.

CARROUSEL in the historic Tuileries Gardens, the Louvre, right. The breath-taking beauties of Paris are never ending, varied.

For reservations and information see your friendly travel agent. For booklets, maps, etc. write Dept. S8, Box 221, New York 10

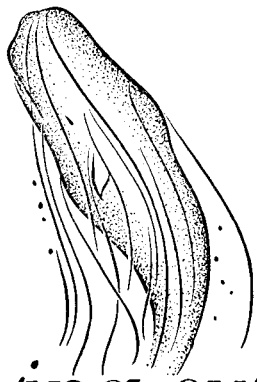
FRENCH NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE

A service agency of the Ministry of Public Works, Transportation and Tourism

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES
SAN FRANCISCO • MONTREAL

UNDERSTANDING...THROUGH TRAVEL...IS THE PASSPORT TO PEACE

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE

Trying-out of Moby-Dick

"Oh, Time, Strength, Cash, and Patience!"

As Melville worked on at his book that was "but the draught of a draught", he saw the size of his architecture and sensed its necessary incompleteness.

"Nor has nature been all over ransacked by our progenitors so that no new charms and mysteries remain for this latter generation to find. Far from it. The trillionth part has not yet been said; and all that has been said, but multiplies the avenues to what remains to be said . . ."(review of Mosses from an Old Manse)

There remained to be said much about *Moby Dick* not so much about Fate ("Vain to popularize profundities") as about the genius that burrowed and borrowed whole hunks of raw material from handbooks on whaling and accounts of whaling voyages, and informed them with satire, humor, dread, life.

Professor Vincent spent more than five years of time, strength, cash and patience in trying-out Melville's imaginative transformations; the results multiply avenues not to exegesis but to pleasure and admiration.

BY

HOWARD P. VINCENT

At all bookstores $5.00

Houghton Mifflin Company

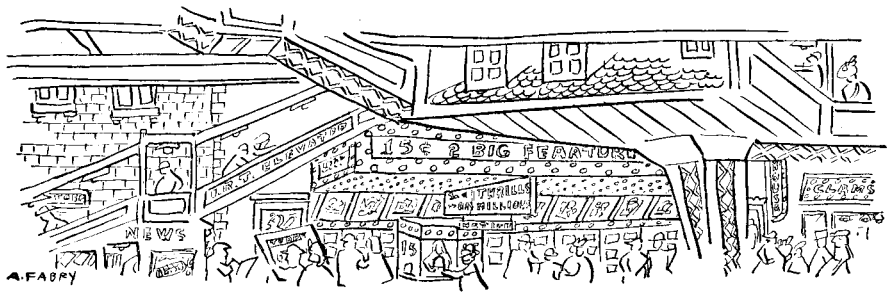
to see Mr. S. and confessed all. He laughed at the hoax and sent out a story: Dr. Sertorodos had conferred on the script with Alfred Hitchcock, offered a few valuable suggestions from the fund of his knowledge, and was returned to Columbia. Now we were stuck with Fraim again.

The next day, frantic, we shipped him out of town via a press announcement that he was going South to rest. A call to a newspaper friend in South Carolina did the rest. Out of a tiny, tiny town in that noble state four days later there issued a story:

> Dr. Fraim Sertorodos, identified from his luggage and papers in his possession, had been killed instantly when his car overturned on a slick, topsoil road.

His ashes were shipped to Transylvania when the war ended. . . .

MR. BOLTON certainly is a friend in need—particularly on a hot morning



in early September, with the salt waves on the beach at Truro beckoning just over the dunes. Reprinting his piece reminds me of a labor-saving device employed frequently by the late Bill McGeehan when he was breaking in as a columnist in his salad days. When it was too darn hot to turn out copy of his own, he simply would cut out Arthur Brisbane's piece from the *New York American* of the day previous and reprint it word for word, adding at the end some penetrating comment like "I heartily agree with Mr. Brisbane," or "What does the reader think of this interesting theory?" McGeehan got away with this magnificently until the other paper in town thoughtlessly began syndicating the Brisbane column on its first page every morning. . . .

A DISQUIETING DISPATCH from Hollywood hints at the imminent dissolution of one of the best writer-director combinations in the history of motion pictures: Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder. These brilliant collaborators are responsible for such notable films as "Hold Back the Dawn," "The Major and the Minor," "The Lost Weekend," "A Foreign Affair," and the not-yet-released "Sunset Boulevard." One of their favorite ideas never got past the talking stage. When they saw a preview of Charlie Chaplin's "Monsieur Verdoux," with a climax of Verdoux walking slowly toward the guillotine, they suggested a new ending: the Chaplin of old, baggy pants and oversized shoes shuffling into the distance in the fadeout that was once traditional in all Chaplin pictures. This time, however, he was to be headless! Chaplin didn't go for the idea—maybe because he hadn't thought of it himself—and Brackett and Wilder went back to their cribbage boards. . . .

ELMER RICE'S FORTHCOMING NOVEL for Viking, "The Show Must Go On," tells the whole story of the production of a play from the time a manuscript is accepted to the last day of the Broadway run. . . . It doesn't seem so long since Elmer's first play, "On Trial," blazed across the theatrical horizon, but the records show that the actual opening date was 1914, when you, I, and Elmer were spry youngsters—and so were Rabbit Maranville and Hank Gowdy. . . . Richard Llewellyn, author of "How Green Was My Valley" and "None But the Lonely Heart," will have his new novel ready for publication by Macmillan in January. It is called "A Few Flowers for Shiner" and takes place during ten days of the Italian campaign of the last war. Llewellyn himself fought in Italy with the Welsh guards. He was there earlier, too—at the age of sixteen—to learn the hotel business. At the moment, having visited Sinclair Lewis in Williamstown, he is off to Patagonia to make notes about an early Welsh colony. . . . Williamstown, incidentally, is the scene of one of the hardest-to-believe rumors of the year. An ex-colonel in the Kremlin guard, recently escaped across the Soviet border, is said to have been lurking about Ray Washburne's book shop, stating that he positively is *not* going to write a book about his experiences. King Features will soon put a stop to *that* nonsense! . . .

ELLIOT PAUL prizes a sign he purloined from an out-of-the-way hotel in Detroit. It proclaims, "Guests are positively forbidden to take lady friends up the back way. The stairs have just been painted."

—BENNETT CERF.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Omar was so right!

HE MENTIONED THE *BOOK* FIRST

BOOKS naturally come first with us, because books are our business. But we hope you've noticed that even a tentmaker lists "a book" first—and then the jug of wine and the lady—to make "paradise enow".

Not that Omar was at all exceptional in that regard. When Lincoln greeted a distinguished guest with "so this is the little lady who started the war!", what was he talking about? Why, he was talking about a *book*—UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. When some maniacs in Berlin decided to conquer the world, their first weapon was a *book*—MEIN KAMPF. But then they started *burning* books. And we all know how they ended up.

All in all—aside from food, clothes, and shelter—books have probably been the most important article of manufacture throughout all of history, from the papyrus leaf to full-color printing.

Of all the books made in this country (and there were 438 million printed in 1945, the last census year to supply such statistics), 95% are produced by members of the BOOK MANUFACTURER'S INSTITUTE.

What is the BMI? It is a national association of independent book manufacturers.

It has five major aims:

1. to maintain a code of ethics for business dealings, not only among members, but also with customers and suppliers.
2. to do continuous research into methods and equipment by which books can be made better and more attractive.
3. to exchange ideas among members for operating their plants more efficiently, so that savings accomplished can be passed on to publisher and customer.
4. to do everything possible to cooperate with all branches of the book business in order that more and better books will become available for public consumption.
5. to devote every effort to publicizing books and the authority inherent in the hard-bound book.

If you have any book production problems, or any questions regarding book manufacturing, please write to the address below.

THE BOOK INDUSTRY COMMITTEE

Book Manufacturer's Institute B·M·I BOOK INDUSTRY COMMITTEE *25 West 43rd Street, New York 18*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Except for a few buildings, Hiroshima today has been completely rebuilt—that is, on a sort of overnight basis. In the photograph at the left the new Peace Memorial can be seen with the sign "No More Hiroshimas." Also at the

Hiroshima—

—HIROSHIMA.

THIS is about a visit to Hiroshima. It is about people who survive atomic catastrophe, how they go about restoring their lives, and, even more important, how they go about restoring their faith in the human race and their faith in themselves. It is about those who came limping back to a smashed city to clear away the atomic wreckage and start their lives all over again. It is not a story of despair. For Hiroshima today is alive. It is vital. The citizens plan to make Hiroshima one of the most beautiful cities in the world.

As I write these notes, I am sitting on one of the levees that line the seven rivers of Hiroshima. At my back, about seventy-five feet away, is the small inn at which I am staying. In front of me, across the river, I can see perhaps six square miles of the city, stretching along the banks of the river and sprawling out beyond. The city itself is fairly flat, built on sea level. Hiroshima is a seaport, though from this vantage point it seems completely surrounded by a ring of mountains. The hurry-up, improvised quality of the wooden buildings on the other side of the river gives the city something of the appearance of an American mining town in the West a century ago. This resemblance is even stronger because of the mountains in the background.

From where I sit, I can see the general area hit hardest by the atomic bomb; I can see what is now the most famous landmark of the atomic explosion—the dome, or what used to be a dome, of the old Industrial Exhibition Hall. It's hollowed out now, but just enough of the curved steelwork is left so you can tell it was a dome. Then there's another four- or five-storey structure off to the left a few hundred yards away that shows evidence of considerable damage, but apart from these two buildings Hiroshima today has been completely rebuilt—rebuilt, that is, on a sort of overnight basis. The homes, the stores, the industrial buildings were thrown up very hastily. But the greatest difficulty hasn't been putting up the new buildings and shacks. The greatest difficulty has been clearing away the rubble.

The river is at low tide and you can walk across its full width of about 500 feet without getting your ankles wet. You look out across the river and you see the streets clearly marked out; you see electric and telephone poles; you see very little open area; and you see no rubble or evidence of the bomb whatsoever, except for the old dome skeleton.

Of course, when you actually walk through the streets, when you get into the heart of the city, you can see many wounds that are still open. You see the gutted foundations of the concrete buildings, even though four years of weeds and grass do a great deal to smooth over and conceal the old ruins. Right next to the small inn where I am staying is the wreckage of what was once a fairly large two-storey stone home. All that is left is part of a well, the large concrete gateposts, and the iron gate itself—most of it twisted out of shape. I went poking around behind the wall yesterday and came across a family of five living under a piece of canvas, propped up by boards, and using the stone wall as the principal inside wall surface. Right in front of this home, if you want to call it that, which measures about seven feet by seven feet, the family has cleared away the rubble and planted a vegetable garden.

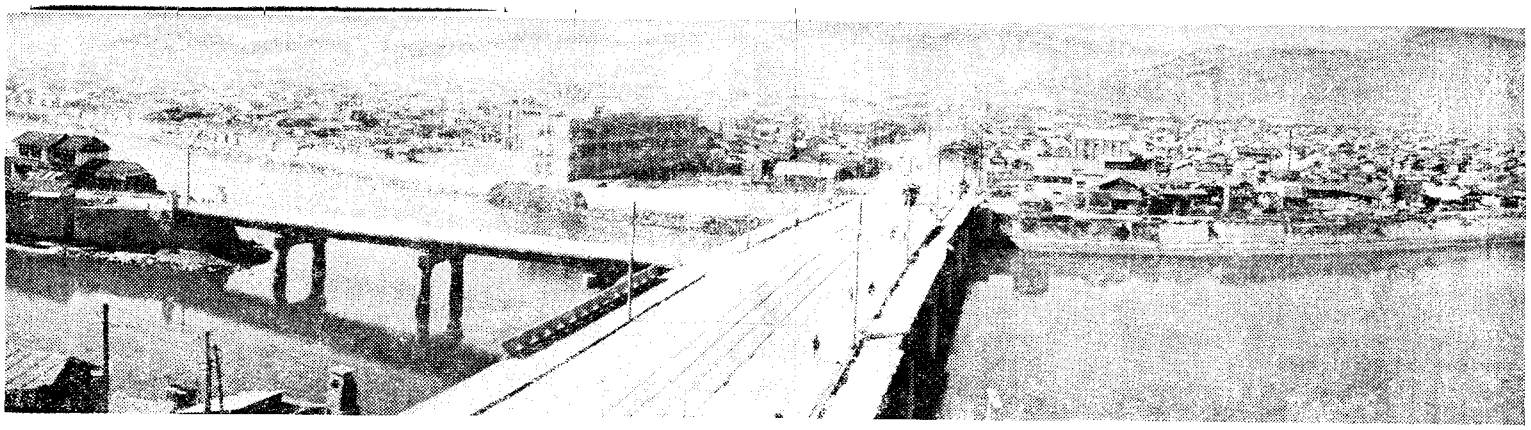
* * *

YESTERDAY, at noon, I stood at the spot which is believed to mark the center of the atomic explosion. Directly in front of me were two fairly thick and round stucco columns or gate-posts on a very small plot raised about one foot off the ground level as a marker and memorial.

These columns were all that was left of Dr. Shima's hospital, which was right under the atomic burst. A new hospital has been built right in back of the old gateposts. It is a two-storey affair, painted white. Patients waved to us from the windows.

As you stand at the center of the atomic explosion, it's difficult to describe the thing you feel. Here, four years ago, there was a flash of heat which at the split second of fission was many times the surface temperature of the sun. And suddenly, even before a stop watch could register it, the heart of a city was laid open with a hot knife. I've talked to dozens of people who were in it—dozens who were crippled and burned and suffering from diseases of radioactivity—and the story is very much the same. The sudden flash of light brighter than the morning sun—much shorter, much more intense than lightning, much more intense than any light ever seen before on this earth. If you lived through that second, you found that your clothes were on fire, and your arms and legs and face were on fire, and you rushed out into the street and ran, for everyone else was running—no one knew where. And everything was now blazing, and you were inside the fire, trying to run somewhere. Then someone yelled, "Run for the river!" and you threw yourself into the river and thousands of others did the same thing and you wondered what happened to your family, to your children or your parents. No one knew where anyone was, but there were people all around you, and other people were jumping from the bridges into the river, and the dead bodies were all around you in the river, but you could hardly hear the people crying out because the blaze was like rolling thunder sweeping over you.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



left (center) is the famous landmark of the atomic explosion, the hollowed-out dome of the old Industrial Exhibition Hall. As may be observed in photograph above, only small sections of the stone bridge railings were left erect by the bomb.

Four Years Later

And all day and night the fire ate your city and burned your dead, and all night you stayed in the river to cool your burns, but the tide ran out and you buried yourself as deeply in the mud as you could and prayed for the tide to come back in again with the water from the sea to cool your fevered body, even though it was salt water and threw knives into your burns, but at least they were cool knives. The hours passed slowly and you searched the sky for the light of morning, but the city was a torch and it was difficult to see the sky. But then morning came and you joined the thousands of others running through the black smoke, stumbling over the wreckage of the buildings, the sounds of the dying and the damned all around you. You were too much in a hurry to notice you had no clothes; it was hard to see that others had no clothes either, for their bodies were like charcoal.

THIS then was Hiroshima in the first hours of the Atomic Age. It was something new in the solar system—getting at the heart of matter and ripping it apart, and causing the smallest units of nature to smash each other and set off a flash as though a piece of the sun itself had broken away, and sending out strange rays that went through the bones and did things to the composition of human blood that had not been done before or dreamt of before. This was the triumph of mind over matter in the ultimate and most frightening sense.

As you stood in front of the large stone columns from the old hospital gateposts, and you reached over and felt the rough, raised surface of the stone, its composition altered because the surface had been melted by the explosion, you wondered why people would ever come back to the city again—not merely Hiroshima but any city—any city that man ever built, for by this bomb he had placed a curse on every city everywhere. You wondered what the lure could be that could bring people out from the hills and back to this place of compressed agony. You wondered but you didn't have very far to look for the answer, for the answer was all around you. You could see it in the faces of the people who passed on the street. You could see it in the brisk, life-loving walk of the young people. You could hear it in the full laughter of children. You could see it in the eagerness of young boys and young men playing ball with each other wherever there was a place to play ball. The answer you found was that there are deeper resources of courage and regeneration in human beings than any of the philosophers had dared to dream. The answer you found was that the greatest force on this earth—greater than any device yet conjured up in the laboratories—is the will to live and the will to hope.

As you looked around you in Hiroshima, you saw a young woman of about twenty-four or -five with a baby strapped to her back. She was wearing Western dress though she had on Japanese wooden shoes. There was nothing defeatist about this girl. She was starting out to raise a family; she was going to do it in Hiroshima, and nowhere else; she believed in life, and nothing could change it. And as she passed you, you looked at the back of her neck and down her left arm, you saw the seared and discolored flesh that is the badge of citizenship in Hiroshima today. The girl stepped to one side to allow a modern bus to pass—it was a bus filled with Japanese baseball players in uniform, for baseball has become the national pastime in Japan to an extent not approached even in America. The baseball players were singing, some of them, and you thought you saw, but couldn't be quite sure—you thought you saw the familiar atomic burns on one or two arms or faces.

Another thing you wondered about was what the people themselves thought about the bomb and about America. You spoke to them about it, and it was hard to believe that what they said was the way people can or should feel after having lived through an atomic explosion. There was no bitterness, except in one or two cases. They said, most of them, that if it hadn't been Hiroshima it would have been another city and they had no right to ask exemption at the expense of their fellows. They said, most of them, that they had taken part in something that would save the lives of millions, for they believe, most of them, that Hiroshima, in the words of the Mayor, Shinzo Hamai, was an exhibit for peace, a laboratory that had demonstrated the nature of the new warfare so dramatically that it would destroy war itself. They believed, most of them, that two years of blinding, grinding warfare were squeezed into a single bomb and that the smashing of Hiroshima made it possible for many millions of Japanese to stay alive, for they then knew by this bomb that the war was forever lost to them. Some of them, of course, said things they thought you wanted to hear, but their voices and their eyes would frequently give them away. And then, as counterbalance perhaps, you would find a woman—a woman barber who took over the shop after her husband died in the explosion—who would turn her head and say that she never wanted to look at any American, for she was afraid he would see the hate she had in her heart for the people who could stain their honor as Americans did by dropping such a bomb. She lost her husband and two children and when it pained her heart to think about it she would think of America and know that such evil could only come from evil people. Then

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there were some who blamed it on the Japanese Government, who said that when Japan first bombed China they were certain that God would visit the crime on the Japanese a thousandfold. Some blamed it on the Japanese Government because it had converted Hiroshima into a military base and shipping point, and they were certain that America would find this out and destroy the city.

This was the first I had heard about Hiroshima as a city of military importance. As I spoke to people and questioned them, the picture began to take shape. When a girl of nineteen told me about her experience in the bombing, she spoke of all the soldiers running past her house on the way from the barracks near the old Castle. When the photographer who took films for me told about his experience during the bombing, he spoke of his sensation while riding a train two miles away from Hiroshima on his way to work. He said that when he heard the explosion he thought the large ammunition supply center near the old Parade Grounds had been blown up, for the explosion was too loud for even the largest bomb. Others on the outskirts of the city spoke of the same feeling. I spoke to one man who operated a bus to the ammunition dump; he gave me some idea of its size and said that many thousands worked there during the war.

IT WAS freely admitted, once you referred to it, that Japan was divided into two main military zones, and that the headquarters for the North was in Tokyo, and the headquarters for the South in Hiroshima.

Later that evening I discussed with Mayor Hamai the military importance of Hiroshima during the war. He spoke freely and fully. Hiroshima had been Japan's chief port for sending soldiers overseas. It had housed large ammunition supply depots.

I asked the Mayor whether it was true, as I had heard in some of my conversations, that as many as 60,000 soldiers had been stationed in Hiroshima at the time of the bombing. He was familiar with the reports but believed that the number may have been closer to 40,000. Then I learned for the first time something I had seen in no report about Hiroshima since the end of the war. I learned that 30,000 soldiers had died in the atomic bombing of Hiroshima and that this figure had been suppressed by the Japanese police, then under orders from the Japanese Government to conceal the military death toll and the military importance of Hiroshima as well as to minimize the general damage and civilian death toll. Japan had been taken completely by surprise and didn't want the United States to know how effective the weapon had been, so that what little bargaining power she had at the peace table might not have been further reduced; and that, once having announced the figures originally, Japan was reluctant to embarrass itself by giving out the true ones.

I learned that the only figures since used by the American Government about Hiroshima have been supplied by Japanese sources, and that the original figures supplied by the Japanese police had never been corrected. I further learned from Mayor Hamai, who was in charge of rationing in Hiroshima during the war and who was given the responsibility for issuing new certificates after the bombing, that the population of Hiroshima had decreased 110,000 when a check was made three months after the bombing —and that this figure did not include 30,000 military personnel or the many thousands of volunteers from outside the city brought in to construct fire-retention barriers, or the thousands who have died since. The city's own estimate today of its dead, said Mayor Hamai, is 210,000 to 240,000. The highest previous figure made public was 100,000.

The following day, Mayor Hamai took me on a tour of Hiroshima's hospitals. It was an experience difficult to put out of your mind, and you tried hard to put it out of your mind because you saw things that whatever sanity you may have had cried out against. You saw beds held together with slabs of wood; nowhere did you see sheets or pillows; you saw dirty bandages and littered floors and rooms not much larger than closets with four or five patients huddled together. You thought back to what you saw in the D. P. camps in Germany and you knew that nothing you have seen in Germany or anywhere else put human pride to such a strain.

YOU looked in on an operating room that seemed little better than a crude abattoir. You saw rooms where whole families have moved in with the patient. You saw all this with unbelieving eyes and then you had some idea of what Mayor Hamai meant when he said that Hiroshima needed America's help to take care of its sick. For all the hospitals in Hiroshima were destroyed or gutted or severely damaged by the bomb, and hospital facilities in Japan are not easy to come by. People can throw up shacks to live in inside a week or two, but a hospital is nothing to be thrown together. Everything is needed that makes a hospital a hospital, Mayor Hamai said: surgical equipment and rubber gloves for operations and sterilizers and X-ray equipment and beds and pots and pans.

As he spoke, I thought of the millions of dollars being spent by the United States in Hiroshima in the work of the Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission—excellent work and important work, for it can tell what happens to people in atomic warfare. Nothing of those millions goes to treat the victims of the atomic bomb. The Casualty Commission only examines patients; it doesn't treat them. And

(*Continued on page* 30)

At the Hiroshima railway station, just before returning to Tokyo. Left to right: Mayor Shinzo Hamai; American-born Harry Uneda, the Mayor's assistant; Norman Cousins, and Mrs. Kiyoshi Tanimoto, whose husband (now in the U. S.) was one of the persons whose experiences were described in John Hersey's "Hiroshima."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fiction. *No American writer knows more about the Civil War in Greece than George Weller, correspondent and novelist. "The Crack in the Column," dramatically interprets the agony of a people split apart by power politics. That the author does not agree with British and American policy will not interfere with the reader's enjoyment of a distinguished novel. The fantasy world of the mental hospital is again revealed in a first novel by Fritz Peters, which with some reason might be called a male "Snake Pit." "The World Next Door" is the story of a war veteran whose courage alone saved his reason and restored him to human decency. On the lighter side, Helen MacInnes's "Rest and Be Thankful," a cheerful story of Eastern intellectuals in Wyoming, and Robert Nathan's conventionally charming fantasy, "The River Journey," reviewed, respectively, on pages* 14 *and* 13, *are recommended without reservation.*

The Mind in Torment

THE WORLD NEXT DOOR. By Fritz Peters. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co. 362 *pp.* $3.

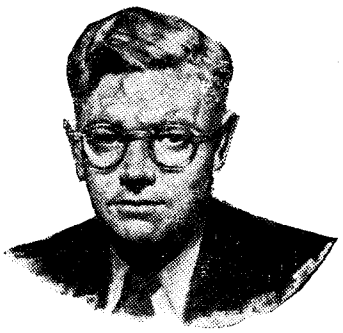
By Hollis Alpert

THIS is a magnificent novel. It is a first book, it is probably largely autobiographical, but no qualifications are necessary because of either of these facts. To my mind it is the best piece of fiction yet produced by a veteran of the recent war. Proceeding from a documentary base (the setting is a Veterans Administration mental hospital) Fritz Peters takes off into untrodden areas of the mind in a devastatingly moving account of a young man's journey through delusion.

I have the fear that its subject matter may set some too hastily against this book. For others have explored similar ground pretty thoroughly before this, and even the movies—the line extends from "The Eternal Mask" through some rather horrible examples of ineptness to the relatively dignified "The Snake Pit"—have documented the mind in torment. But all that has come before fails to cast a shadow over the remarkable freshness of Mr. Peters's novel. Here is a glowing proof, if one was ever needed, that no subject becomes fictionally stale, no matter how much it has been kicked around previously, so long as a gifted writer goes to work upon it.

Almost all of the action occurs within the confines of the hospital, and all is seen, heard, and felt through the sick mind of David Mitchell. This constantly maintained focus results in a sometimes excruciating and sustained intensity that carries the reader along like a ride on a nightmarish roller-coaster. Yet it is remarkable how quickly and strangely oriented one becomes to Mitchell's fantasy world, how through sheer verbalization of the abstract unreality takes on a stronger, sharper, more painful quality than reality. Mitchell's first shock treatment is one awesomely vivid example of this. Unreality merges, from time to time, with reality, until that last electrical bolt crashes through him and he finds himself once more in the "pack room" for violent cases, and begins to grope his way toward his eventually firm hold on the tangible.

Thankfully, Mr. Peters has avoided using the psychiatric and psychoanalytic jargon which might have clouded his acute perceptions. Nor has he done much delving into the case-history aspects of Mitchell's personality. The story is primarily that of a disoriented mind fighting valiantly through the delusional maze back to the boundaries of normality. Certainly there are glimpses enough of Mitchell's past life, indications of a tangled mother relationship, war experiences, a homosexual phase, and perhaps even hereditary factors, to sense the contributions to his breakdown. But Mr. Peters is most interested in that mirage-like area lying between reality and the world on the other side of the mind's threshold. What is the uncontrolled escape into fantasy like? And what are the emotions that accompany the painfully regained contact with the self and the environment? The answers, in richly dramatic terms, are given as they never have been given before. All is evoked in a wonderfully clear style, with the controlled imagery always conveying with infallible precision the mood and the feeling. I have come across no contemporary novel in a long time that, in terms of the writing alone, is so effective. There



THE AUTHOR: To understand psychoses, "it's necessary, of course, to know that your mother hit you over the head with a frying pan when you were a child," concedes Fritz Peters, a lanky, blond, engaging young man. "But you're no longer a child. Face it, and go on from there!" "The World Next Door" (the mental wards of a Veterans Administration hospital) is 60 per cent personal history, 40 per cent fiction. "It wasn't the violence of war alone that unbalanced these people," he says. "It was as much the adjustment to our nervous society." The author's own brief breakdown occurred about a year after his discharge from the Army, with which he was in Europe thirty-seven months as regimental stenographer, interpreter and translator, section general's secretary, and claims officer. "As an excess technical sergeant I would have had to go to Japan," he laughs, "so they made me a second lieutenant." Wisconsin-born and Paris-educated, before the war he worked variously for gas stations and bars, the British Purchasing Commission and Colgate-Palmolive Peet—the last as French translator. Meanwhile for about fifteen years he has been writing and tearing up MSS. Within three months after returning to the States he turned out a juvenile—bought by Harper—and a batch of stories, of which he sold his first to *Harper's Bazaar* Editor Mary Louise Aswell—since last June Mrs. Peters. ("I type very fast," he explains.) They've just left their Santa Fé home to spend the winter abroad while he winds up his next book. "I felt much freer doing 'The World Next Door' as fiction than as a series of crusading articles," he says. Not that the novel is meant as such, except perhaps with reference to GI disability claims, which boomerang against the claimee. "The way it is, too many inmates' families keep them committed just to cash the compensation checks. Something will *have* to be done about that some day." —R. G.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are stream-of-consciousness passages which, though stemming from Joyce, do not imitate him. The dialogue is crisp and real, with no bows in Hemingway's direction. For Mr. Peters has found a method of his own, and has beautifully united it with his subject.

David Mitchell's committal was brought on when he was found by his brother on the lawn one day in May. David was unclothed and was staring directly into a blinding sun. It took handcuffs to get him to the hospital, and he was thought violent, as he insisted upon what he considered his natural rights. When he wouldn't subside he was knocked out by the fists of Army attendants, kept wrapped in wet sheets for days and nights. It was assumed he was an alcoholic (he was not); yet it was assumed that he was a homosexual (there'd been that one lapse). A male nurse, while David wandered in his mind's labyrinth, tried to force him into a homosexual act. There were moments of terrible frustration for him while he tried to pit the logicality of his "insanity" against what he felt were the unreasoning actions of the sane. But even from the onset he kept some faint hold on reality, and he remembered. Through insulin and electric shock he hung stubbornly on to certain memories, and he fought the hospital and its system with a rapidly growing ability, from beginning to end.

Mitchell's supposed helpers were, for him, captors. It was their system (with its ineffectual methods, often benighted or corrupt personnel) that he had virtually to buck, their conception of normality that he had to approximate. He saw the doctors as experimenters without laws, or rules, or guides for the patients to find their way back. "They were experimenting with us, experimenting in the void. . . . Did they, for example, know when a patient was cured?" It was his will against what he felt was their neglect. He had continually to force their attention upon him before he could win out.

It is an angry book that Mr. Peters has written. The condemnation of the kind of hospital system Mitchell had to face, had to go *against* in order to emerge from it, is implicit throughout. Is it an "insane" person asking the question: "Was it possible for any doctor, any scientist, to conscientiously take upon himself the responsibility of attacking the mind of another human being this way—firing bolts of electricity [and thus erasing areas of memory] into a man's brain without any positive and direct aim?"

But it is hardly this which makes one want to classify "The World Next Door" as a truly major work of American fiction, which would seem to catapult Fritz Peters high into the ranks of our important novelists. There is its integrated form, its breathless drive, and a constantly luminous vision which does this. It is because David Mitchell becomes a sort of archetype of the sensitive mind adrift from its moorings, because the affirmative acceptance of reality he makes is of an unsentimental and uncompromising kind. Mitchell's generation came, shocked and wounded (in myriad ways), through a cataclysmic war. That generation should find in this novel new clarifications, and perhaps a new grasp of some of the essential human dignities David found when, once more, his mind was sound.

A Greek Tragedy

—*Acme.*

Greek officers and an "officially neutral" American observer.

THE CRACK IN THE COLUMN. By George Weller. New York: Random House. 370 *pp.* $3.

By Percy Knauth

THE last strongholds of the Greek Communist armies are crumbling along the Albanian frontier as this book appears, and in the mountain fastnesses which the Germans never conquered the forces of the government, with their American military advisers, are watching the rebels flee. A long and bitter tragedy is at last drawing to its close, a minor theatre now in a world attuned to a colder war. Who will remember, five years after Greece was liberated, how it all began?

Greece, whose greatest sufferings only began in the hour of victory over Germany, has found a great historian in George Weller, the American correspondent who knew the Greeks before, during, and after their tragic civil war. He has written a political novel, reaching far back in time as we measure it nowadays, and its pages fall like withered leaves on the lap of the remembering reader. It is a book which leaves the reader with an autumn feeling, a sense of the foreboding of a winter yet to come; an emotion written so strongly into every line that, once begun, it is as hard to put down as a personal diary discovered recently which tells, with a prophetic sense, of days long gone.

The theme of Mr. Weller's tragedy is Greece's division—the crack in the column. In that sense, it is a part of the current history of our civilization: a record of the polarizing process which splits a group of people, a nation, or a world mercilessly between two extremes, forcing them either to the left or right, obliterating an effective center. In Greece this process, long present in a latent form, was accentuated and accelerated by the British conviction that the government which grew up inside Greece against the Germans, a coalition in which the Communists were the nucleus, must be destroyed in favor of the government-in-exile. The rights or wrongs of this belief must be judged by history; Mr. Weller does not judge them. But he tells, through the medium of people intimately involved, how the split was achieved.

The author has chosen as the form of his novel a mosaic of scenes, some

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

long, some short, dealing with a set of basic characters around whom revolve the events of underground war against the Germans, the subsequent liberation by the Allies, and finally the first acts of the civil war. Piece by piece, scene by scene, he builds up his story. His writing, in the early stages, is sometimes oblique to a degree which leaves an unfamiliar reader floundering; but, once familiarity has been established, the book proceeds with a pace and power matched only by the best of the post-war novels. It is political writing of a very high order, intermixed with real emotion and a quality of description which must perhaps go back to Hemingway, Dos Passos, or Vincent Sheean to find its spiritual origins. It reads like a labor of love and faith; and the very absence of didactic statements lends it conviction.

A half dozen characters carry the burden of the story. One is an Englishman, Major Michael Walker of Force 133, who directed a network of resistance in Greece during the occupation. His principal assistants in this work were Nitsa, the Greek girl who did not realize until the pressure of ever-present fear was lifted how she had come to love her chief. The other is Miltiades, the sponge fisherman from Hydra who spotted Major Walker in disguise one day, walked up to him in a public urinal, and pointed out how the Englishman was betraying himself. "Walker," says Mr. Weller, "had a choice between hiring Miltiades and shooting him." On a snap decision, he hired him.

To this nucleus there came one day MacPhail, the American flyer who bailed out of his Flying Fortress over Greece one day when his squadron was set upon by Germans. At first bent only on rejoining his unit, MacPhail comes to realize the nature of the Greek struggle when he is forced to watch, from his hide-out, the burning of a Greek town by Greek collaborationist troops. Meeting Walker, he volunteers for duty in the mountains with the ELAS guerilla forces, the army of the Greek government-in-being which is later destroyed. From the point of view of a detached American, MacPhail subsequently watches the first stages of the civil war when America, although officially neutral, permits the British to use American arms to crush their erstwhile allies. MacPhail ends as a member of the U. S. Embassy staff, with a Greek wife and child—the beloved of the cocktail set, the representative of the uninterested and easy dollars which henceforth were to keep the Greek Government alive.

None sees the tragedy of Greece as clearly as Walker, who is also the most tragic figure of the story. Forced after the liberation to fight many of the men with whom he once risked death at the hands of the Germans, Walker becomes in the end a pipe-smoking philosopher, helpless to stay the fateful march of events, too disillusioned and weary to do so if he could. He knows that neither he nor his country will be able to effect the tragedy's solution. To MacPhail he says:

> Greece is ticketed ours, and yet, dammit, it remains yours, because you pay. We know it, we know it even if you are such eccentrics that you want to go right on paying and letting us run it and looking away. . . . You'll walk the floor with baby. Greece is yours.

If Walker were to speak today, it might be with a greater degree of hope as he viewed the rebels fleeing from the hills. For better or for worse, the tragedy is finding its solution. As for Greece, in the concluding words of Nitsa: "Greece, a column living, a wiman like myself, but without arms, still stands."

Percy Knauth, an editor of Life, *served for a time as a correspondent in Greece. He is the author of "Germany in Defeat."*

Buying Memories on the Missouri

Robert Nathan—"imitating himself."

THE RIVER JOURNEY. By Robert Nathan. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 196 pp. $2.50.

By JOHN WOODBURN

FOR a long time now, Robert Nathan's sweet-tempered little novels have been appearing with the pleasant regularity of returning summer birds. "The River Journey" is his nineteenth, and I know my arithmetic is right, because I looked up the answer in the front of the book. Like the others, it is a satiric fantasy, written in the same clear, clavichord style which is one of the distinctions of his work and, like the others, its satire is rueful rather than acidulous, its fantasy kept in constant communication with reality. In fact, Mr. Nathan has so perfectly mastered this medium and manner that it might be said in criticism that he has fallen into the pleasant habit of imitating himself.

Minerva (Mrs. Henry) Parkinson lived in a little town in Iowa on a bank of the Missouri River. She was a plain, nice-looking, strong-minded woman a little past middle age, and for twenty-three placid, childless years she had been married to Henry, who was clerk, accountant, and assistant treasurer for a grain-and-feed company. Henry was a steady man, a neat dresser and a neat thinker, a good, if not very exciting husband, a man a woman could depend on to the point of boredom. One thing about Henry Minerva knew, and understood completely, and that was the way he felt about the river. While Henry went back and forth from home to the feedstore the river slipped calmly past him, pouring its way down the slope of the continent, where Henry had never been; places where, Henry was quite sure, all a man would have to do to find adventure would be to show his face. Henry walked with a clerk's decorum; but every now and then, in his mind, Henry cut a caper in the Vieux Carré.

One day Minerva, in a sad little session with her doctor, found out she had only a little more time to live. It wasn't wholly unexpected, but she took it more calmly than she had ever thought she would. She decided not to tell Henry, and she made a more important decision: she was going to do something that would make him remember her with love and excitement as long as he lived. Minerva went down to the bank and cashed her railroad bonds and bought an old houseboat. Henry was going to see St. Louis and New Orleans and Minerva was going with him. It was that same day that the strange man came up to the porch and spoke to Minerva. A dark, nice-looking man with a pleasant, serious manner, and not wholly unfamiliar. He didn't stay long and he didn't explain himself, except to say that he thought it would be nice for them to meet, that he was just passing by, and that he would

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be seeing her again. Minerva was a little annoyed by it and at first she couldn't understand it, and then, in a way, she did.

The trip down the river as far as Nebraska City was just about perfect. Henry had progressed from astonishment to pleasure and Minerva was spending his borrowed happiness along with her own. At Nebraska City, when they really needed a river pilot, who should turn up but the enigmatic stranger, a Mr. Mortimer, it seemed, who knew the river well. He had a young woman with him—a kind of ward, as he explained it—a nice, simple, rather pretty girl who was going only as far as St. Louis, and who had a rheumatic heart. It was against all of Minerva's upbringing, but she finally agreed to let them come aboard, and later she was glad. She grew to like Mr. Mortimer, and to accept him, even to love him, in an odd way, especially after she found out his real name.

This is pure Nathan: smooth, unpretentious, dove-colored writing, the satire gentle, the fantasy controlled. It has a valentine quality, but if it has the grace and delicacy suggested by the image, it is also frankly vulnerable, as is the valentine, on the grounds of sentimentality. Mr. Nathan's satire is not always tart enough to sustain the added sweetness, and Mr. Nathan's clear prose is sometimes put to something of a strain: "She was spending part of Henry's future on herself; she was buying another room in Henry's heart. It was a room no other woman would ever have; and it would be full of memories of her." Mr. Nathan should realize that there are some things which are almost too sweet for words.

Withdrawal and Return

SIGNATURE OF TIME. By Walter Havighurst. New York: The Macmillan Co. 284 pp. $3.50.

By Edmund Fuller

"TIME is a deep sea and we drift for a season on its surface." This is a part, at least, of the text and theme of Walter Havighurst's reflective novel of war's aftermath for two brothers. It is a story of spiritual rehabilitation and renewal of purpose after the wasting and warping.

Maury Hazard was a war correspondent, downed in a plane over Germany and held for the rest of the fight in a prison camp. Now, back in Cleveland at his newspaper desk, he finds that he has lost his voice. He is a writer who cannot write. Bitterness and despairing remembrance, the compulsion to ram down the throats of readers the shock and horror of observation and experience, are all that will emerge when he sits down to write so much as a baseball story. It is not that he should not offer these shocking, warning insights, but they are not yet ripened for offering, and he has not found his medium.

Invited to write a freehanded column on the changing face of America, he is unable to decide whether or not to undertake it. To think about it, he withdraws, for a month's leave, to Hazard Island, in Lake Erie, where his boyhood had been spent and where several generations of his family had been rooted. Maury has it in the back of his mind that here he can escape permanently from the column and all such challenges. The island will be a quiet shell of peace where he can hide in security.

When his brother Dave returns also, after months in a Pacific Coast military hospital, a shattered man wasted in body, divorced by the wife he had married hastily during the war, it is apparent quickly that patterns of escape are not so simple. It is not for Dave to carry out his notion of reviving the cultivation of fine grapes as practised by his forebear Matt Hazard. It is not for him to ripen the quick love kindled between himself and the island nurse, Ann Cornish.

Maury still weighs the thought of reviving the vineyards. But time and sorrow and reflection have worked in him. The Thoreau-like journals of his great-uncle Julian, a geologist-philosopher, set the days of his life against the perspective of geologic time and the span of generations. The cisterns of capacity are filled again, the will restored. From the contemplation of the vines he has derived a metaphor. Vines had come from Europe to America, grafted on native stock to produce fine strains. When the grapes of Europe were destroyed by blight, vines came back again from America for grafting and renewal. Maury writes again. He finds the partner for his life in Gerda Winters. He can say once more: "I know where I'm going."

Mr. Havighurst tells his thoughtful and perceptive story with quiet warmth. It is constructive, healing, aware but unfrightened. A fine texture of backgrounds is achieved by the way in which his narrative is laminated with alternate slabs of past and present. The journal of Julian Hazard gives extension and depth to his concepts and is perhaps the book's most distinctive note.

Literati in Wyoming

REST AND BE THANKFUL. By Helen MacInnes. Boston: Little Brown & Co. 368 pp. $3.

By Pamela Taylor

PICK up a little coterie of New York intellectuals, satellites of a pompous and well-known literary critic, and set them down for a summer of creative effort on a cattle ranch in Wyoming. The repercussions ought to be, if not momentous to the literary world, at least extremely entertaining, and this is the central theme around which Helen MacInnes has written her first novel with an American setting. To give her readers further novelty she has had the temerity to choose as heroines two women of fifty-three and thirty-seven, respectively, a thoroughly agreeable, mature, and attractive pair.

Margaret Peel and Sarah Bly had lived and traveled together in Europe before 1939, run a small avant-garde press and magazine, known and helped endless expatriate writers. Smuggled out of France by their friends when, 1941 having made them official enemies of the Reich, their activities in aid of the French Resistance became doubly dangerous, they had brought back to this country only a handsome car, a Hungarian chauffeur renamed Jackson for convenience's sake, and a still unsatisfied passion for travel. But as they motor across the continent to California a mistaken road and a sudden storm drive them to shelter in a pleasant ranchhouse standing in the Wyoming hills on a green island above Crazy Creek. Just how delicious that particular spot is, how felicitous its name "Rest and Be Thankful," how attractive its owner, the gentleman rancher Jim Brent, and how accomplished Mrs. Gunn, who presides over its kitchen, they soon discover. Impulsively they abandon further ideas of travel, decide to buy the ranchhouse, and invite a picked group of struggling writers to be their guests for the summer.

Despite their long years on the Continent, Mrs. Peel and Miss Bly are

(*Continued on page* 36)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Personal History.

News is made by a number of new books this week. Boston: James Michael Curley, the town's fabulous and perennial Mayor, is running for reelection this fall. To celebrate the occasion, veteran newspaperman Joseph F. Dinneen has recorded his public career in "The Purple Shamrock" (reviewed below by Cleveland Amory of "The Proper Bostonians" fame). . . . Colorado: Zebulon Montgomery Pike, the colorful soldier who "discovered" the well-known peak, is the subject of "The Lost Pathfinder," a competent if pedestrian biography by W. Eugene Hollon (see page 17). . . . San Francisco: Important new light is cast on Robert Louis Stevenson and his wife by Anne Roller Issler's monograph, "Happier for His Presence" (see page 18). . . . England: W. H. Gardner continues his monumental analysis of Gerald Manley Hopkins's life and verse (see page 16).

Improper Bostonian No. 1

THE PURPLE SHAMROCK. By Joseph F. Dinneen. New York: W. W. Norton. 331 pp. $3.75.

By Cleveland Amory

THE writing relationship between biographer and biographee is often of more interest to the reader of a biography than the writer of such a book acknowledges. This is particularly so when the biographee is a living subject. Boston's perennial mayor, James Michael Curley, is not only a living subject but he is also an extremely controversial one, and it is to the credit of his biographer, *Boston Globeman* Joseph F. Dinneen, that he has made their relationship extremely clear. In the preface to "The Purple Shamrock" Mr. Dinneen says frankly that Boston's mayor has always regarded him as anti-Curley, and makes the following statement:

> This is not an authorized or approved biography. Curley did not see it until after it was set in type, and he has been far from my only source of information, for I have been collecting material on him for more than thirty years. I have tried to be fair and objective about him. I think he is entitled to that.

Mr. Dinneen has made good on this preface. He has written a biography which is fair, objective, and thoroughly readable. Early in his book he writes that Curley's mother once stated that her son would go far but she could not tell in what direction. She made this statement shortly before Curley went to jail for taking a Post Office examination for a fellow ward-heeler. She did not live to see her son, forty-two years later, in jail again, this time convicted of using the mails to defraud. The chances are she would not have known what to make of him. Few Bostonians have. The man who, currently out of jail, recently said he expected to live to be 125 and be mayor of Boston all of that time is not easy to explain. Undoubtedly ranking as Improper Bostonian No. 1, Curley emerges, in Mr. Dinneen's book, as no local baby-kisser but a nationally ambitious big-time boss.

From the time when, wearing a Harvard student's cast-off dress suit, Curley became a candidate for the Boston Council, he has held office, off and on, for fifty-three years. "Public service," he once said, "is my business." He has made it a good business, first for Curley, and second, when what fitted in with his personal ambition also fitted in with the good of Boston, for Boston. Once asking for a loan from one of the city's largest banks and denied it, Curley reminded the bank president that there was a water main with floodgates located right under the bank building and told him if the money was not forthcoming by three o'clock that afternoon, the gates would be opened. The bank president, not wishing to have thousands of gallons of water poured into his vaults, put the money on the line at City Hall.

—*From the book.*

James Michael Curley as a rising young politician—"no local baby-kisser."

Obviously limited as to cooperation from Curley on the details of his personal life, Mr. Dinneen has written more about Curley the politician than he has Curley the man. Using at times strong language—he calls Boston an "antiquated, anemic cow" and a "fatherless, sometimes helpless bastard"—he has written a revealing history of the comedy of Boston politics. The lessons of the star comedian, however, are here to be learned. For example, of Curley's early neighborhood activities, at which time he was already exhibiting a marked lack of ability in many fields, Mr. Dinneen declares:

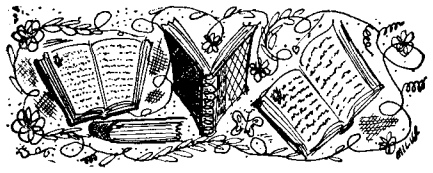
> He [Curley] never could be a participant. He didn't enjoy it, and because he seemed fitted for nothing else and there was no other way to dispose of him, he was usually chosen as a leader.

Incredible as it may seem to those unfamiliar with the racial and religious issues, of which Curley has made lifelong political capital, this man has been elected mayor of Boston so often that it has now been recognized that there are only two ways to have a Boston with someone else as mayor. One is to amend the city charter to prevent a mayor from succeeding himself. The other is to elect Curley to something else. Both have been done. The city charter, which allowed Maurice Tobin to succeed himself, but prevented Curley, has become a joke, and Curley has been elected Governor once and Congressman three times.

Mr. Dinneen demonstrates, however, that Curley is by no means all comedian. A tireless worker, an educated speaker, and a man of much personal charm, Curley has great political appeal. One of his first acts in his first term as mayor was to order scrubbing brushes with long handles and make it a rule that no scrubwoman was ever to get down on her hands and knees in City Hall. Curley had watched those scrubwomen late one night and Curley's mother was a scrubwoman.

One of Mr. Dinneen's most charming stories is that of the Democratic convention of 1932. A campaigner for President Roosevelt at a time when it was not popular for a Boston Irishman to desert Al Smith, Curley went to the convention so out of favor that

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



he had no delegate's seat at all. He promptly rectified this situation by reminding the chairman of the Puerto Rico delegation that Puerto Rico could use a little advertising on a coast-to-coast hookup. When overconfident anti-Curleyites back home in Boston tuned in their radios that hot June night they heard Jaime Miguel Curleo.

Mr. Dinneen's final chapters have a tendency to ramble, and some of the statements in them are at least debatable. His defense of the oft-criticized Boston press is a spirited one, but many readers may take issue with his declaration that a series of stories that might win a Pulitzer Prize in any other city are editorial features in Boston. Other readers may dispute his contention that the chief cause of corruption in politics is that the salaries of the politicians are too low. In Curley's case this is an over-simplification. But these are minor points.

Cleveland Amory is author of "The Proper Bostonians."

Priest and Professional Poet

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS. By W. H. Gardner. New Haven: Yale University Press. Vol. II. 415 pp. $6.

By Norman Holmes Pearson

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS, the priest, was a professional poet. There was nothing casual or amateur about his practice of verse. Few poets have been so meticulously concerned with the controlled intricacies of prosody, and had he not been a great practising poet he might have written a great book on metrics. Poetry was more than an avocation for him; though had one asked him his purpose in life he would have replied, as a Jesuit, that he had but one vocation in the adherence to his vows. Had one questioned further, he might have called poetry a vocation within a vocation.

The second volume of W. H. Gardner's study of Hopkins is as properly professional as it is worthy of its subject. The result is not for amateurs of appreciation. It is not an introduction. What we have is a skilled and intricate analysis of skilled and intricate verse, written for the initiate. The theme which binds together a series of not otherwise inevitably united essays is that behind Hopkins's craft there was both sensibility and intellect manipulating poetic tradition into an intensely personal idiom. The process of all true poets was in Hopkins's case simply heightened. If there is a devout goal in which both Hopkins and his critic concur—the one by creation and the other by explanation—it is in the presentation of an "esthetic Christianity."

The introduction of Mr. Gardner's book to the public has been somewhat unusual. The first section, brought out in England during the war and published in this country last year, was in itself reasonably self-contained. It stressed the highlights and such particular topics as Hopkins's diction and syntax, themes and imagery, the reception by critics of his posthumously published poetry, and the relationship to modern verse on which the poems made so profound an impact.

The second half, now published, was to have contained greater technicalities, with minute examinations of his "new rhythm" and detailed analyses of the remainder, and greater part, of his poems. These are here, but in the interim Mr. Gardner has become convinced that he had not said all that he wished in the way of generalities. As the result he has added invaluable chapters on Hopkins and his background, and Hopkins as reader and critic. The progression of the sections in the two volumes is, as the result, somewhat awkward if read as components of a single work. The totality is, however, both impressive and satisfying. It is difficult to imagine either a student of Hopkins or a student of English prosody who can afford to miss their combined excellence.

What we have is the "New Criticism," plus. Mr. Gardner is able, both historically and by exegesis, to put Hopkins alongside Arnold as a critic of his age as well as a poet in it. The "esthetic Christianity" of his achieved poems was a form of applicable Christianity to be placed against the "unsightly accretions" which were to him, as Mr. Gardner states, "symbolic of an age which allowed the wholly inverted pyramid of material progress to bear oppressively upon what should be the apex of human life—the spirit of man." To this apex Hopkins himself clung; and it was a presented landmark which drew a later generation with a luminosity which his own age might have found befogged.

As a part of Hopkins's revolt he turned with almost race-consciousness to accentual rather than quantitative

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

HOW DID SHAKESPEARE SAY IT?

Mrs. Burr Lincoln, of Harbor Beach, Mich., points out that thousands of people who have never read Shakespeare unknowingly quote from him every day of their lives. So many of our common expressions are repetitions of his picturesque phrases for which there seems no adequate substitute. For example, the following are most trite. Study each one and decide: how did Shakespeare say it? Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 19.

1. Small children hear everything.
2. Everyone gets his chance at some time or other.
3. Describes a very stubborn person.
4. Makes no sense whatever.
5. Even the most wicked should be given deserved credit.
6. To discourage a proposition.
7. Very dead indeed.
8. Great antipathy to anything.
9. Meek folk sometimes show fight.
10. People of like interests.
11. A very foolish person.
12. To pull out of an embarrassing situation.
13. To be in a very unpleasant situation.
14. To talk constantly on one subject.
15. Describes a sleepless night.
16. Results from enormous grocery bills.
17. Effect of the sight of rich food.
18. Naturally polite and gracious.
19. Hopelessly wicked.
20. To die—presumably—happy.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

verse, more vigorously than Morris, and more innately than Doughty, but linked to both and to the unrest which their cases indicated. The enlarged frame of reference which Mr. Gardner employs in his second volume adds to rather than detracts from the individual achievement of Hopkins's poems. Mr. Gardner's wide and skilfully employed knowledge of literature and prosody makes an American wish that some local university might be astute enough to take him at least temporarily from the University of Natal and bring him into our midst. One would like to see the result of his skill applied to such another personal nineteenth-century idiom as that of Walt Whitman, with whom Hopkins has consanguinity if not brotherhood. For Whitman, Mr. Gardner might demonstrate, as he has for Hopkins, a craftbook of prosody.

Norman Holmes Pearson is a member of Yale's department of English.

The Meteoric Pike

THE LOST PATHFINDER. By W. Eugene Hollon. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 240 *pp.* $3.75.

By Dale L. Morgan

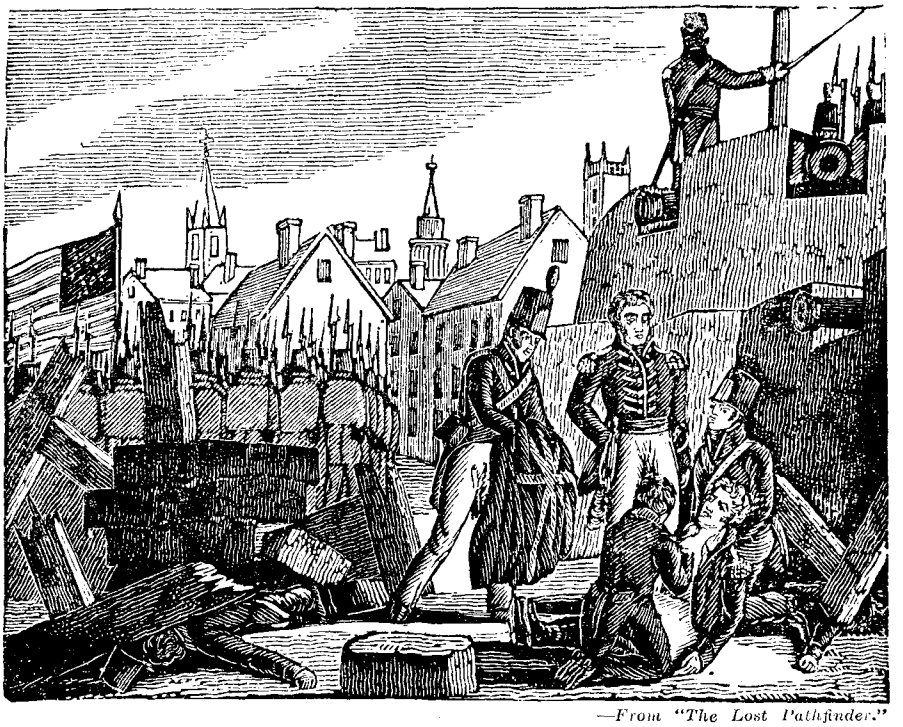
MR. HOLLON'S book is the first really serviceable biography of Zebulon Montgomery Pike that has been published in the 142 years since he first began to merit a biography, though we have had useful studies of his expeditions by Elliott Coues and Stephen Hart and Archer Hulbert. But though this new biography is informative and conscientious, and therefore useful, it is also more than a little dull, showing no great amount of imagination in either the writing or the general treatment. "The Lost Pathfinder" is one of those books to be kept available on the reference shelf, but hardly to be reread for the pleasure of the experience.

And this is a distinct loss, it seems to me, for a biography of Pike has exciting potentialities. He lived through some of the most strenuous years in the history of the young Republic, and his doubtful relationship to the not at all doubtful activities of General James Wilkinson opens up all sorts of obliquities to embroider his story. That story is less of a straightforward adventure than the sustained heroic struggle with the wilderness that makes the expedition of Meriwether Lewis and William Clark our supreme epic of its kind. But the play of human ambition, and the cross-currents of national and international rivalry, so integral in Pike's story, are much more immediately dramatic than the simple themes of the Lewis and Clark expedition, and in a sense offer more to the biographer. If, however, a book on Pike can be produced to compare with the memorable dual biography of Lewis and Clark published two years ago by John Bakeless, Mr. Hollon has not made delivery on it.

Pike is principally remembered today for the famous peak he "discovered" (as usual in the annals of American exploration, Spanish and French adventurers got there a century before), but which he did not, in the depth of winter, succeed in climbing. This association with Pikes Peak in turn came about through his best-remembered exploit, the Southwestern Expedition of 1806-07, which took him west across Missouri, Kansas, and Colorado, into the Rockies to the sources of the Arkansas, southward to the Conejos, where a Spanish force took him into custody, and after a polite but firm detainment in the Spanish provinces, an enforced march across Texas back to the States.

The young Army lieutenant had preceded this Southwestern Expedition with an expedition of discovery in 1805-06 to what he mistakenly conceived to be the ultimate source of the Mississippi (he missed his goal by twenty-five miles), and he followed it in a very few years by the battle at York, which cost him his life in the moment of victory—that victory which was first of only three military triumphs achieved in the War of 1812. Had he lived, Pike might have become a national hero like Andrew Jackson, William Henry Harrison, and Winfield Scott, with who knows what effect on American political history. But dying as a brigadier general at the age of thirty-four, Pike had only the brief incandescent fame of most military martyrdoms, and during the century and a half since that time, his memory has had to struggle for sheer survival against the tarnishment which has ever threatened it from his association with Wilkinson.

Mr. Hollon is plausible in arguing that Pike had no part in Wilkinson's intrigue with Aaron Burr and that his lifelong defense of Wilkinson's integrity was the result simply of a misplaced loyalty. Neither Mr. Hollon nor anyone else can say with any certainly exactly what motives may have operated in Pike's making himself known to the Spanish authorities in New Mexico as a trespasser upon their territory. He had a plausible (he may have hoped) reason for sending Dr. John H. Robinson to Sante Fe—by the bye, Mr. Hollon is much too perfunctory in his handling of this extraordinary young man—and he went not unwillingly there himself when sent a polite invitation backed up with guns. Throughout this period the United States and Spain maintained along their borderlands an uneasy truce capable of eruption into war at any time, and any information Pike could gain had a distinct military utility, not



—*From "The Lost Pathfinder."*

Death of General Zebulon Montgomery Pike.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

less to the country to which he owed allegiance than to conspirators of the kidney of Wilkinson and Burr.

Although Pike's personal papers were burned in 1890, Mr. Hollon has industriously worked manuscript collections in Washington, Cleveland, Chicago, and St. Louis, and his bibliographical note will be helpful to those who may spade this field hereafter. (Just in case the information is of use to anybody, I have lately come upon one of his official letters written at New Orleans, August 5, 1809, to be found in the St. Louis *Missouri Gazette*, August 4, 1819.) The book is illustrated with contemporary prints, a map, and portraits of Pike, Wilkinson, and Burr.

RLS at the Golden Gate

HAPPIER FOR HIS PRESENCE: San Francisco and Robert Louis Stevenson. By Anne Roller Issler. Stanford: Stanford University Press. 178 *pp.* $3.50.

By Allan Nevins

STEVENSON spent in San Francisco 1879-80, probably the most distressful winter of his life. Ill, lonely, so poor that he could not buy proper meals, unsuccessful in his journalistic efforts and discouraged over his other writing, he wrote Edmund Gosse that he was not unlikely to die. Yet his pluck never failed; he made friends, showed kindness to others as badly off as himself, toiled indomitably with his pen, and even when he starved, "now drowsy, now lightheaded, zestfully ordering and greedily consuming imaginary meals," he found a certain gusto in life. Then with the spring came sunshine. Money arrived from home; some of his California writings, including "The Pavilion on the Links," were accepted; and above all, Fanny Osbourne's success in getting her divorce enabled him to marry her in May. Summer found the young man of thirty, now head of a family, on his way back to Edinburgh.

In this book every detail of Stevenson's sojourn, carefully tracked down, has been pieced into a deftly told story. Much new light is shed on the marriage. We knew already that Fanny Osbourne had been a child bride; that her husband, Sam Osbourne, was wayward and incompatible; and that after one of their quarrels she went to France to study art—there meeting Stevenson. But we now learn that Osbourne, a court reporter, was a man of talent and integrity, generally liked and respected. We learn that he took a remarkably obliging attitude; he supported Fanny while she was getting her divorce—nay, while she was nursing the sick Stevenson in her home. Fanny's intense devotion to the author is emphasized. And we learn of some interesting intimacies which Stevenson formed. One was with the author Charles Warren Stoddard. One was with Fanny's old art teacher Virgil Williams, who maintained a carefully balanced friendship with Osbourne and Stevenson. Most striking of all was his intimacy with the Carson family, the honest machinist, his "large fresh, motherly Irish" wife, and their son who made the boarder at home in their circle.

Mrs. Issler contends that the bleak winter of toil, illness, and disheartenment was a maturing interlude in Stevenson's life. He had always enjoyed a certain amount of family protection, sometimes too much. Now he learned what it meant to be unemployed and penniless. Mrs. Issler thinks that he listened to Dennis Kearney exhorting the shabby, workless thousands on the San Francisco sandlots (for these were the harsh years after the panic of 1873) with a livelier sympathy for the underdog. This is dubious. The social note in Stevenson's writings is never strong. It is certain, however, that RLS took from his San Francisco notebooks many a touch for "The Wrecker" and some for "The Ebb Tide," while he devoted one of his most picturesque essays to the city. It is also certain that the San Francisco girl he married, slender, brown-eyed, and gipsyish, "with her honest mind, her good judgment, her fortitude, her broad sympathies, her temperamental storms, her dominating will," gave him abundant happiness for the rest of his life. Sam Osbourne would have done well to keep her; for less than seven years later Osbourne suddenly disappeared, apparently a suicide.

This well-written volume, based on much interviewing, much ransacking of old newspaper and magazine files, and the use of some unpublished letters of Stevenson and Sam Osbourne, is a real addition to our knowledge of the author, and particularly of his wife.

Allan Nevins, professor of American history at Columbia, is working on volume III of "Ordeal of the Union."

—*The Bettmann Archive*

Robert Louis Stevenson—"abundant happiness."

Greatest Killer

THANK GOD FOR MY HEART ATTACK. By Charles Yale Harrison. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 144 *pp.* $2.50.

By Joseph Rosenfarb

IN THIS book novelist Charles Yale Harrison relates in readable and absorbing fashion the case history of his own encounter with America's greatest killer, coronary thrombosis or occlusion. Though the slight volume contains a few relevant descriptions, statistics, and generalizations on heart disease in general and coronary in particular, and though the author delivers himself intermittently of some platitudinous social and political comments which the reader can take or leave severely alone (as the reviewer did) the work's chief interest lies in its sensitive relating of the subjective reactions and experiences of one man's odyssey to the brink of the grave and back again to a functioning life.

Nevertheless, the reader should not get the impression that he is being served with a novelist's fictionalized slice of autobiography. As a self-made cardiologist the reviewer is willing to affirm and certify that the tale told by the author is disconcertingly authentic. Reading it, the reviewer found himself murmuring "me too, but—"

There is the sudden dramatic onset of the attack with its agony and terror, which has given rise to the dictum among the medical fraternity that those having an angina pectoris attack are afraid they won't survive and those having a coronary occlusion are afraid they will. The re-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

viewer is for the adoption of a fifth freedom: freedom from pain. Mr. Harrison recognized his symptoms because he had previously done research on coronary thrombosis for a death scene in one of his novels. The reviewer had an unfailing intuition that he was critically smitten when he was staggering for help to the occupant of the neighboring apartment, although he had no previous warning and no knowledge of the disease. Is there after all biologic validity to the folklore that animals experience a premonition of death?

Then there come the standard six weeks of lying flat on one's back on a hospital bed during which period the coronary artery has to mend its blowout and the patient's will to live and vitality have to throw roots once more. No facetiousness is intended by the eager admission of both the author and the reviewer that they developed a deep respect and affection for the respective nurses who attended them, for the manner of their ministrations were crucial to recovery.

It is the post-hospital period of rehabilitation which, however, is the most critical. Within a few months a lifetime has to be telescoped and redirected, for a way of life has to be worked out which would permit the cardiac individual to live a useful and nearly normal life. In all of this the guidance of the doctor appears to be decisive. The reviewer can well understand the author's bitterness towards the cynical, sadistic violators of the Hippocratic oath he came in contact with and his appreciation of the understanding, sympathetic doctors. It is difficult to think of another illness in which the psychosomatic approach should prove more fruitful. Post-coronary neurosis, making for unnecessary invalidism, has to be dissipated. Occupational, temperamental, and family readjustment may be indicated. The counsel of moderation, like all generalizations, is easily declared and most difficult of observance because of differences in individual manifestations, though a coronary is ample demonstration of how alike we are in our fundamental humanity. Labor disputes, by common consent, would not be considered feasts of brotherly love, and the reviewer would hardly be considered by those who know him as impassive, yet he has been able to engage in labor arbitartion without an awareness of appreciable strain.

Despite the title the author does not intend to convey the idea that it is any great fun to be subject to the call to walk the last mile any minute of one's life, even though that call may be postponed to the end of what is referred to as a normal span of life. But as in Agamemnon: "Who but a god goes woundless all the way?"

I beg the author's forgiveness for "talking about my operation" to some extent. It has been the reviewer's intent to add one more voice in underscoring the message of the author that a coronary does not spell the end for those who survive and to induce the doctor, the nurse, and the layman, cardiac or not, to read the book.

Joseph Rosenfarb is author of "Freedom and the Administrative State," "The National Labor Policy," and other books.

On the Greenland Patrol

RED FLANNELS AND GREEN ICE. By Arthur Pocock. New York: Random House. 272 pp. $2.75.

By Fletcher Pratt

MR. POCOCK joined the Coast Guard, made a lieutenancy after a course at the New London Academy, and was assigned to duty on a small ship of the Greenland patrol, which he calls *Laurel* (why do they have to disguise the name?). Her trip was to three various bases in Greenland, one in northern Labrador, and assorted airfields and weather stations on Baffin Island. It took four months. The mission was to leave supplies and personnel and to bring back exhausted items in both categories. Mr. Pocock was seasick during most of the voyaging; he met a good many Eskimos in a social way and people whom military orders took to the Arctic in a business way; he saw lots of ice, some strange country, and some striking examples of both efficiency and inefficiency.

Everything about the trip amused him; he here writes about the experience with immense good humor. It is only a slight drawback that the publishers have confounded good humor with humor and presented the book as a side-splitter in the line of S. J. Perelman's trip around the world. The reader who expects anything of that kind will probably suffer a severe shock and recover very slowly. To be sure, there are excellent anecdotes (which will doubtless be lifted by the publisher for presentation in his column), and an active and witty turn of phrase, as though the man were walking with steel springs in his shoes. But the book is about as far from the forced grin of the professional humorist as a good dinner-table conversation is from a Broadway production.

In fact, "Red Flannels and Green Ice" is exactly a good dinner-table conversation by a keen-eyed observer who has a natural affinity for the wacky streak in everyone. He includes such specimens as Sarah, the Red Cross girl "of the squirrel teeth and concave mammae," who alloted an hour and a half to each date and sent the lucky man on his way by asking his last name so she could introduce him to the cut-in; and Captain Henley, who thought it was fun to go on a four-month dogsled trip alone; and DeBose, the steward, who described the Jello as having a red flavor. A well-informed book, an amiable book that is a pure delight in a troubled world, where so few can be so sane, so urbane, and so pleasant. I read it twice and shall probably do so again.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1. "Little pitchers have big ears." "Richard III." 2. "Every dog has his day." "Richard III." 3. "Hard as steel." "Two Gentlemen of Verona." 4. "Neither rhyme nor reason." "Comedy of Errors." 5. "Give the devil his due." "1 Henry IV." 6. "To throe cold water." "Merry Wives of Windsor." 7. "Dead as a door nail." "Henry VI." 8. "Goes against the stomach." "As You Like It." 9. "The worm turns." "Henry VI." 10. "Birds of a feather." "Henry VI." 11. "Blinking idiot." "Merchant of Venice." 12. "To break the ice." "Taming of the Shrew." 13. "To be in a pickle." "The Tempest." 14. "Harp on the old string." "Richard III." 15. "Not slept a wink." "Cymbeline." 16. "Eaten out of house and home." "2 Henry IV." 17. "Mouth waters." "Pericles." 18. "To the manner born." "Hamlet." 19. "Past praying for." "1 Henry IV." 20. "Laugh one's self to death." "The Tempest."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ideas and Studies.

A year ago Thomas Merton was known chiefly in poetic circles, as the author of three volumes of highly promising verse. Then last winter came "The Seven Storey Mountain," his moving account of the experiences that led him to become a Trappist monk—and his name was on the lips of every book-reading American. His second prose work, "The Waters of Siloe," reviewed below, is a luminously told history of the eight centuries of the Trappists. . . . During the past decade, sociologists, and physicians have concluded that alcoholism is more a medical than a moral problem. In "Drinking's Not the Problem" (see page 21) Charles Clapp, Jr., writes illuminatingly if not definitely of this new approach to an old problem. . . . Charles R. Knight has added to our misconceptions about "Prehistoric Man" in a new book by that name, which M. F. Ashley Montagu reviews on page 21.

Odyssey of an Ascetical Ideal

THE WATERS OF SILOE. By Thomas Merton. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 377 pp. $3.50.

By Ann F. Wolfe

IN DANTE'S "Paradiso" it is Bernard of Clairvaux who is deemed worthy to serve as guide to the throne of God. Bernard was the mystic under whose direction the twelfth-century Cistercians—Trappists, to give them their later and more popular name—lived the contemplative, monastic life in its purest and highest form. In the golden age of the Cistercians "the monk was a man who labored because he was poor and was poor because he loved God, and who lived apart from the world to praise God and to contemplate Him and to taste the inexpressible joys of His love in silence and peace."

It was among the Trappist contemplatives of Kentucky, some eight centuries later, that twenty-six-year-old Thomas Merton found the waters of peace, "the waters of Siloe, that flow in silence." How he found them he has revealed in the confession called, with Dantesque symbolism, "The Seven Storey Mountain." Now in a companion volume the atomic-age Augustine draws a remarkable picture of life in a Trappist monastery, explains the spirit and purpose of the contemplative way, and traces the growth of the Cistercian Order down the years and over the world. In "The Waters of Siloe," therefore, he gives us a unique insight into the most spiritual form of Christian living and a distinguished contribution to the history of ascetical thought.

Just as "The Seven Storey Mountain" is the odyssey of a soul, "The Waters of Siloe" is, in a sense, the odyssey of an ascetical ideal. The

—*From the book.*

Trappist monk working in the garden—"the contemplative way."

Cistercian Order, founded late in the eleventh century, looked back explicitly to Benedict, who centered the monastic vocation about a simple and practical mysticism of grace. The rhythm of a monk's life "was attuned to the waxing and waning seasons. It followed the sun's course along the ecliptic . . . the monk grew and became strong in spirit and found his way, without realizing it, into the pure atmosphere of sanctity." In investing Benedictine simplicity with their own distinctive spirituality, the Cistercians looked upon new horizons in the interior life.

With time the ascetical ideal was beclouded and all but lost. Monks became worldly and petty. The contemplative purpose was diverted to alien activities such as teaching and missionary work. Political persecutions broke up the monasteries and scattered the monks into hiding or exile. In the wars that rent Europe the monks took up arms; many died in the service of their country. In World War II there were Cistercians in the underground resistance forces and in Nazi concentration camps. They were the victims of Communist terrorism in Spain and in China. It is a miracle that the ideal survived the harrowing journey through the weaknesses and stupidity of human nature and the blood baths of world history.

Some of the most fascinating passages in the book deal with the men, saintly and less saintly, brilliant and dun-colored, who molded the Cistercian spirit and sustained it. One of the most extraordinary of these was the dramatic De Rancé who, at twelve, was abbot of three abbeys, prior of three priories, and canon of Notre Dame. This seventeenth-century nobleman despised monks, yet as head of La Trappe he revived the essential asceticism that had gradually been lost to monastic life. Dramatic in reverse is the story of Father Joseph Cassant, who died in 1903. A lowly and prosaic French peasant he lacked strength of body and quickness of mind, but he lived a life of true mystical sanctity.

The first American Trappist was a Texas cowboy who, though a tempestuous and independent youth, had been conditioned, through his lonely rides over the range, to solitude. In

Autumn Mass-Meetings

By Harold Zlotnik

THE restless crowds of leaves
Decry the status quo
Of climate temperate
Whose seasons come and go

And meet at swollen curbs
In threadbare, tattered brown
To shout for solar change
At corners of the town,

Wanting the world to pool
More evenly the wealth
Of sun and warmer air
And evergreen of health

With communal regard
For every growing plant,
A green security
Which frost should not supplant.

But quadripartite rule
Of growth and of decay
Calls out militia winds
To drive the throngs away.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the last two decades Trappist foundations have made phenomenal growth in the United States. At the close of the recent war Americans in the armed forces did not wait to take off their uniforms before presenting themselves in numbers at the gates of Cistercian monasteries here.

The more one reads of the Cistercians, the more one realizes that the contemplative life lived among the wild spaces of mountain and forest has made simplicity, serenity, and light basic to the esthetic of the Order. These three constitute the distinctive grace of Cistercian architecture and literature. Perhaps because he is Father Louis, O. C. S. O., Thomas Merton cannot help writing simply and luminously.

It's Not the Bottle But the Man

DRINKING'S NOT THE PROBLEM. By Charles Clapp, Jr. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 179 *pp.* $2.50.

By Joseph Hirsh

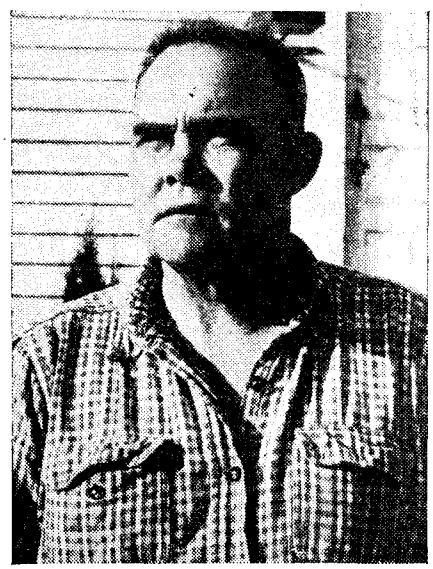
TWO PHYSICIANS—Benjamin Rush, Physician-General to the Continental Army and later professor of medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, and Thomas Trotter, nineteenth-century British Naval surgeon—in separate treatises gave impetus to the modern medical movement, a phenomenon actually only ten years old, which recognizes alcoholism as a sickness. Like many other movements this one has attracted its share of opportunists, crackpots, and self-seekers, but its strength is attested by the solid core of medical and social scientists, physicians, and educators who see alcoholism as a morass of misinformation, an untouched area of legitimate investigation, and the alcoholic a potentially productive, traditionally neglected social leper.

A measure of the success of this movement can be found in a number of facets of our national life—in, oddly enough, the medical profession, heretofore one of the groups most resistant to the idea that alcoholics were sick people, now accepting them for treatment as private patients and in hospitals and clinics; in the increasing number of city and state medical programs providing care for these patients; in the emergence and growth of that remarkable group Alcoholics Anonymous; in the rapidity with which "wet" and "dry" interests have submerged their dedicated differences (only on the issue of the care of the alcoholic) and jumped on the bandwagon; in the dragon's-teeth birth of quick-cure clinics and "national" committees; and finally, in the unexcelled amount of space and time given to the written and spoken word on this subject.

To this spate Mr. Clapp, who has written previously on this subject, now adds his partially autobiographical "Drinking's Not the Problem." As he sees it, it is not the bottle but the man or that aspect of the man called personality which is the core of the problem. While there is nothing new or novel to this thesis, its statement and restatement serve a useful function until more people act on it. Unfortunately, Mr. Clapp neither fully develops this thesis nor goes sufficiently beyond it to make the book as broadly appealing and generally useful to the public as it might have been. Nonetheless, we are given an adequate view of the sympomatic drinker, whose excessive drinking is a symptom, not a cause, of immature, defective, or traumatized personality.

Mr. Clapp, who refers to himself as a "potential" alcoholic, a term he uses to describe symptomatic drinkers in the candidate, actual, or recovered stage (from which point they can always become alcoholics again), oversimplifies the problem and its resolution. He neglects a large and relatively mysterious group in whom faulty body chemistry or physiological idiosyncrasy and, indeed, alcohol as a substance, may be the crux of their problem. His prescription, largely contraindicated in modern psychiatric practice, is the evaluation of personality and the development of personal insights through self-analysis. As a short cut he recommends the professional assistance of psychiatry, accredited clinics, Alcoholic Anonymous, and various other groups engaged in education on alcoholism and the care of the alcoholic. Taking a leaf from his own experience, he urges the alcoholic to simplify his life and to embark upon a program of substitutive treatment, of substituting new work, recreational, religious, and other experiences for previous patterns of living and drinking, a modality by itself of superficial and limited value since it rarely touches the deep problems of personality.

These limitations notwithstanding, Mr. Clapp has written a readable book on a serious subject that is gradually capturing the public mind and interest.



—*Herbert L. Stannard.*

Charles Clapp, Jr.,—"personal insights through self-analysis."

Joseph Hirsh, executive secretary of the Committee on Problems of Alcohol, National Research Council, Washington, D. C., is author of "The Problem Drinker" and numerous articles and studies on the problems of alcohol.

Fiery Little Brutes

PREHISTORIC MAN. By Charles R. Knight. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts. 331 *pp.* $5.

By M. F. Ashley Montagu

THE SHORTEST review with which I am acquainted was written after the opening night of a play entitled "Terrible Girl" (or some such name). The review consisted of the one word "Quite." I am tempted to use the same expression as a review of this book, and let it go at that, for Mr. Knight's knowledge of prehistoric man is quite prehistoric. Except for references to recent discoveries, it might have been written in the nineteenth century, though I know of no one who could have committed so many errors or perpetrated so many libels against prehistoric man as Mr. Knight has done.

Mr. Knight takes a Hobbesian view of man. For him the life of prehistoric man was nasty, brutish, and short. Every man's hand was set against every other man's, and all the creatures of the earth seem to have lived in a perpetual state of warfare. "One never knew on retiring whether one would actually be there when morning broke." "The facts show now that a bitter struggle for supremacy has been going on ever since our old world was created." "Man had constructive ideas. He *wanted* things, and if his neighbors had a specially comfortable shelter in which to hide at night, envious thoughts arose and

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at times he was able to drive them out of the coveted retreat and occupy it himself." "How easy it was to sneak up on an enemy in a neighboring clan in the dense jungle and tap him none too gently on his thick skull with a heavy club or a piece of sharp stone!" "We have no doubt that it often became a question of who was who in the jungle retreats, and that fierce battles were the result of any chance meetings between our unsavory antecedents when tribal or family differences were involved." And so on throughout this bloodthirsty book about the purely mythical "fiery little brutes" who have been conjured out of Mr. Knight's imagination. This is be-Knighted prehistory literally with a vengeance. What it is that Mr. Knight has against prehistoric man I do not know.

Myths are generally idealized forms of social conditions. Possibly Mr. Knight is projecting his feelings about contemporary man upon the innocent head of prehistoric man, who isn't here to defend himself. The myth of "bestial" prehistoric man is of the same nature as the myth of the "savage" or the myth of the "beast." Whenever Western man wishes to say that someone has behaved in a particularly human manner he says, "He behaved like a savage," or, "He behaved like a beast," although few "savages" and certainly no "beast" ever behaved in so damnably human a fashion. It may be news to Mr. Knight, but "savages" and "beasts" live cooperatively, *not* disoperatively as Western man does. Typical of Mr. Knight's attitude and knowledge is his description of the gorilla (obtained, no doubt, via the pages of *Life*, anent Gargantua of Barnum & Bailey notoriety). The gorilla is described as having "a very cantankerous and irascible disposition, which is part of his ferocious make-up." In point of fact, it is well known to authorities who have had personal experience of the gorilla in the "wild" (one of these Mr. Knight may have read in the excellent magazine of the museum with which he is connected) that this animal is gentle and peaceful and will never hurt a living creature unless it is frightened or attacked.

Mr. Knight's venturesomeness is vastly greater than the erudition necessary to write a book such as this. It is unmitigatedly bad. It is worse. It is dangerous. It perpetuates the myth of man's inborn naughtiness. It belongs to the luminous-numinous school of popular-science writing, the less of which we have the better.

M. F. Ashley Montagu is chairman of the Department of Anthropology at Rutgers.

Poetry. *Americans have long been aware that Russian verse ranked with the world's greatest, but it has been difficult for them to prove it to themselves, so poor have been most English translations. Avrahm Yarmolinsky's "A Treasury of Russian Verse"* [SRL *Aug. 20] should help remedy that. The situation may be helped further by Leonid I. Strakhovsky's "Craftsmen of the Word," a critical study with representative samples of the work of three modern poets—Gumilyov, Akhmatova, and Mandelstam* *(see page 23)**. . . . Robert Hillyer, who began this summer's bitter battle over obscurantist poetry through his* SRL *articles, is represented by a new volume of verse that should appeal to lovers of the classical tradition, "The Death of Captain Nemo" (see below). However, "Annie Allen," by the author of "A Street in Bronzeville," Gwendolyn Brooks, falls perilously close to being coterie stuff* *(page 23)**.*

Mysterious Islander in East Indies

THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN NEMO. By Robert Hillyer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 57 pp. $2.75.

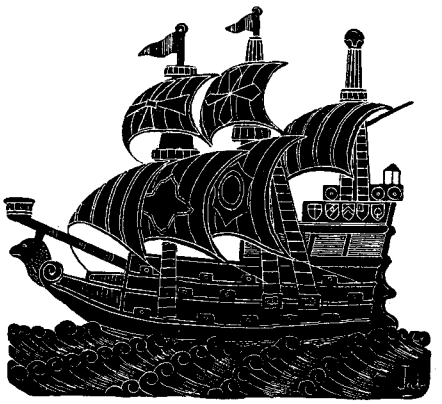
By Sara Henderson Hay

ROBERT HILLYER'S narrative poem in blank verse takes as its central character the well-known hero of Jules Verne's "The Mysterious Island." Readers of that romantic tale will remember the escapist par excellence and his submarine, the *Nautilus,* and how, laden with fabulous treasure, it came to anchor in the grotto of that volcanic isle, far from the world which its captain had renounced. Mr. Hillyer's indebtedness to Verne ends here; he uses this basic character merely as the starting point for his own imaginative and philosophical fantasy. Like the legendary Mother Carey, to whom all poets are kin, Hillyer makes new things out of old. His story begins in the autumn of 1945, with the arrival on the island of two war-weary American sailors, themselves poets and thinkers, navigating their sloop to the East Indies. They come just in time to witness the death of Nemo at the age of nearly 100 years. Beside him lies his journal. Through the fragmentary entries the two sailors trace the life and personality of Captain Nemo—his boyhood in the beautiful chateau country of Touraine, his dreams of the treasure lying fathoms deep in some Pacific lagoon charted only on the yellow parchment which his father had left him, handed down through 300 years; his young manhood and his wanderings through many countries; the three women who influenced his life: the Princess, the Goose-girl, and the Witch, symbolically the unattainable ideal, the attainable but unsatisfying flesh, and that indefinable malign enchantress, neither spirit nor flesh, who continued to haunt him; his political contacts and convictions, and his increasing disillusion with the world and its prospects for peace, ending in his resolve to search for the treasure and, when he had found it, his retreat to his fabulous grotto, alone with his treasures, his books, and his memories.

The effect of the journal on the two sailors who read it is the counter-theme of the poem; Captain Nemo's search for truth and the answer to man's existence is identified with their own and all men's search. One entry in the journal reads:

We live in secret, Nemo and every man.
I am all men that live. I am your eyes
Who read these lines, yet am I Nobody.
Along the sliding stars from thought to thought
My being moves, yet when you see the starlight,
The star itself is aeons on its way.
We live in forethought and in afterthought;
The present is a gaping void between. . . .

The action of the poem occupies three days only, during which time the sailors read the journal and in accordance with Nemo's last will and



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

testament sink the *Nautilus*, all lights blazing and its captain laid out in state, in the waters of the lagoon. As they sail away the volcanic island erupts and disappears beneath the waves, carrying away all traces of what has been there. But the two sailors, safe out to sea and on their way, are still conscious of a curious presence, a ghostly hand at the helm.

Mr. Hillyer, who recently received the 1949 award of the Lyric Associates, a Foundation for Traditional Poetry, upholds the tradition in this poem. It has a classic dignity and formal beauty, an orchestral quality beginning with the Overture,

> . . . O Sea Nymphs, weaving
> Your watery paces among white stalactites,
> Weave now your song . . .

and proceeding through six movements with their amplification of the theme. "The Death of Captain Nemo" will not, obviously, as a whole appeal to those whose tastes do not turn to the traditional; but I think that all who love the Muse, whether she wears classic robes or modern dress, will find in these lines much that is moving and beautiful and the stuff of real poetry.

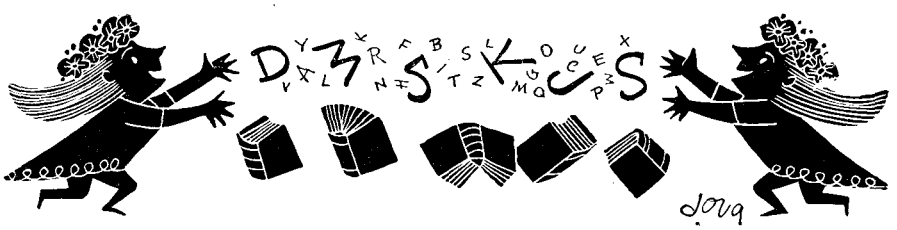
Russian Acmeists

CRAFTSMEN OF THE WORD: Three Poets of Modern Russia. By Leonid I. Strakhovsky. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 114 *pp.* $3.

By Boris Brasol

TO THE English-speaking world Russian poetry is still a *terra incognita*. For this there are good reasons: the canons of Russian prosody, the rhythmical build and syntactic properties of the Russian verse, the variety and wealth of its double-rhymes—all these are so different from the recognized rules and lexical resources of English poesy that the rendition of a Russian poem into an English metrical pattern is fraught with great, if not insurmountable, difficulties.

True, Pushkin—the Shakespeare of Russia—and Lermontov—her Byron—have partly been translated into English by genuine scholars and men of exquisite taste such as Maurice Baring, Oliver Elton, H. Spalding, and T. B. Shaw. Yet even their versions, far from being perfect, hardly convey the elegance, plasticity, and musical qualities of the Russian original. As to the lesser, though brilliant poets —Tyutschev, Maikov, and Fet—these remain utterly unknown to the English readers.



All the more welcome is the publication of Strakhovsky's volume "Craftsmen of the Word," in which three distinguished modern Russian poets—Gumilyov, Akhmatova, and Mandelstam—are dealt with, not exhaustively yet competently and with sympathetic understanding of their significance and their place on the Russian Parnassus. The author classes them as "Acmeists," and thus they themselves liked to be considered. But, in truth, Acmeism is as vague a concept as the esthetic doctrine of the French Parnassians, that heterogeneous group which included such diverse talents as Sully Prudhomme, Theophile Gautier, Leconte de Lisle, and Anatole France.

In "The Heritage of Symbolism and Acmeism" (1913), Gumilyov endeavored to draw a line of demarcation between these two schools, on the one hand, and the Acmeists and Parnassians on the other. His argumentation may be eloquent, but it is not convincing.

Akhmatova and Mandelstam, much as Gumilyov himself, the unchallenged leader of the Acmeists, sought above all perfection, or "impeccability," of form coupled with a dispassioned evaluation of the exact philological meaning of the words woven into the texture of the verse. In this, however, they but followed Flaubert's precept: "The one word for the one thing." Again, Gumilyov's motto "An Acmeist must represent not the beautiful but his feeling of it" is akin to Pater's dreamy speculations on the nature of Art, or to Wilde's estheticism as he conceived it in his famous "Envoi" to Rennell Rodd's "Rose-Leaf and Apple-Leaf."

What is really new in Gumilyov's poetry is its exoticism, the bold spirit of adventure of his daring sea captains and indomitable conquistadors. Here he struck not only a novel note, but one that was, and still is, alien to the traditional trends of Russian artistic expression.

Similarly, Akhmatova won a place of her own in Russian literature not so much by her epigrammatic style as by the interpretation of the "eternal feminine" theme from the standpoint of a woman responsive to every conceivable love tune sounding in her heart.

Finally, Mandelstam commands one's attention not because of any innovations of poetical form, whether symbolic, romantic, or Acmeist, but by reason of the inner content of his mystical lyricism touched with a pathetic sense of the crumbling of a world of familiar reality.

Mr. Strakhovsky presents in his critical ensemble a number of metrical, or rather quasi-metrical, translations from the three Russian poets. Unfortunately, many of these are devoid of the subtle rhythms and harmonies characteristc of the verses of these "craftsmen of the word." But there are a few happy exceptions for which the English reader should feel thankful. Such are particularly the author's versions of Mandelstam's heartrending poem "Petropolis Is Dying," Akhmatova's wee gem "The Muse," and also Gumilyov's "Somaliland."

On the whole, Strakhovsky's book is a useful contribution to the meager English bibliography on Russian poetry which has enriched the world with many a page of incomparable beauty.

Boris Brasol edited and translated the recently-published "Diary of a Writer," by F. M. Dostoievsky.

Cellini-like Lyrics

ANNIE ALLEN. By Gwendolyn Brooks. New York: Harper & Bros. 60 *pp.* $2.50.

By J. Saunders Redding

IF "A Street in Bronzeville" indicated that the author, Gwendolyn Brooks, possessed valuable poetic gifts, her second thin volume goes a long way towards proving them. "Annie Allen"—bad and detrusive title for such a book—is as artistically sure, as emotionally firm, and as esthetically complete as a silver figure by Cellini. Nor is the comparison so incongruous at its seems. The same liquid lyricism, momentarily held in delicate static poise, that informs a Cellini informs the pieces in Miss Brooks's new work.

No one can cavil at a poetic talent that expresses itself with intensity, with a richness and aptness of imagery and with glowing warmth.

(*Continued on page* 27)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Literature

Editor
NORMAN COUSINS

Chairman, Editorial Board
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

Chairman, Board of Directors
E. DEGOLYER

Associate Editors
AMY LOVEMAN WILLIAM ROSE BENET
HARRISON SMITH JOHN MASON BROWN

Contributing Editors
BENNETT CERF JOHN T. WINTERICH
MARY GOULD DAVIS IRVING KOLODIN
JAMES THRALL SOBY

Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

Contents Copyrighted, 1949, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

Time for a Change

CONTEMPORARY literature discovers and dramatizes the changes in the opinions and the mood of the public some time after they have become obvious to the constant readers of the daily and weekly press. A good part of the best of American fiction, for example, is essentially reportorial. It deals with the experiences, observations, and the state of mind of a writer at a given time, without consideration of the speed with which the world is moving and new conceptions are forming. Unless the writer is concerned first with creating human beings and only second with the local and perhaps temporary dilemmas in which they are placed, his novel may appear to be outmoded and dull a year after it is published. The enduring novels are those in which men and women suffer or find happiness in situations that will remain constant as long as human nature endures, or until the framework of the society about them is altered almost out of recognition.

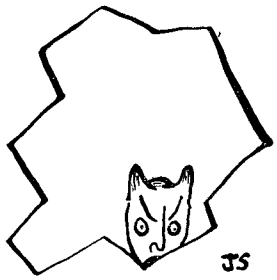
The most fortunate novelists are those who create out of their imaginations a static world of their own which need not advance with the years. The county in Mississippi which William Faulkner has made his own exists in a vacuum perhaps, but it may remain as a permanent contribution to American literature. The aristocratic Boston that J. P. Marquand has recreated has more literary vitality than dozens of more dramatic settings for contemporary novels. As the literary renaissance of the Twenties developed, the towns and territories staked out by writers in a time of transition were deserted one by one, for the writers themselves became exiles from the birthplaces in which they could no longer live. Their ancestors had moved westward, but the novelists who were their grandsons pulled up stakes and headed for Chicago and New York, and finally for Europe. We had the curious spectacle, for a time, of writers established in Paris and the Riviera reporting on a farm and town life at home to which they had become complete strangers. It ended, as Maxwell Geismar has written, "almost everywhere on a note of emptiness and bitterness, negation and exhaustion."

THE excessive bitterness with which the young writers of this day were viewing America and indeed the world only a year or two ago is already slightly outmoded, a little sterile, a little dusty, and not at all amusing. "So bravely hopeless" is a curious phrase recently invented to describe them. The public, bemused for a while by the interpreters of the sour fruits of existentialism, that philosophy of despair imported from France, seems to have become suddenly remote and deaf to their pleas that the United States is the worst country for an intelligent man to live in.

That a man should, as have so many of the protagonists of recent novels, dislike his neighbors, hate his father and mother, his job and his wife, and that the dissatisfied rebel should be more eloquently loquacious than his contented brother, seems reasonable enough, but it does not make for a national literature of depth and importance. A bitter man is not a satisfactory companion, in or out of a book, for a long voyage through dangerous waters. The philosophy or the entertainment that America wants from its writers cannot be founded on men and women who are bravely hopeless, but only on those who if the occasion should arise are hopelessly brave. There is a dreary, if polite, acceptance of the professional crepe-hanger who seems to have the facts and figures at his command. He is incapable of arousing any enthusiasm in the minds of normally optimistic Americans, whose secret opinion is that if things are bad enough they can and will be changed; and if they come to the worst, they can be endured.

After five years or more of a literature that if taken seriously by the public would have left the average man cowering with fright and self-abasement, the mental state of our citizens is returning to normal. Russia, the atomic bomb, the welfare state, British dollar deficits, the recession, have taken their places in the accepted if uncomfortably ordered world in which we live. We are taking time off for baseball, local politics, and domestic scandals in high places. At any moment, we may expect to have exhibitionists sitting on flagpoles, young men trying to cross the Atlantic in rowboats, and old men walking across the country backwards. It probably can be taken for granted that our writers will take note and re-orchestrate their dismal tunes. In his successful and admirable novel "The Big Wheel," John Brooks has shown a way out of the trap into which so many of the masochistic young liberals have fallen. According to a recent reviewer, "it is a moral book without morality, a study of man's faith that comes to rest on skepticism." Well, skepticism and morals without morality, are better than a complete surrender to despair, though it is to be doubted that a virile literature can be founded on such a recipe. Nevertheless, it is the first lunge out of a gloomy swamp, and perhaps a few more steps will lead to writing that will be affirmative and hopeful. Our writers seem to have forgotten that the world of men is endowed with the capacity for regeneration and faith in the future. In this country when change is on the way it comes fast; and as a people we are resourceful and inventive. The flood or the ebb tide can be used to advantage by skilful mariners. —H. S.

Atomic Age Fables



XVIII: The Decline of the Devil

AT SOME time in the dynasty of Progress, the Devil disappeared. This phenomenon is still pondered in some quarters.

"No one hears or speaks of the Devil any more," said the first metaphysician.

"Optimism is outmoded," answered the second.

"The Devil," exclaimed the first metaphysician, "was certainly never an optimist!"

"Indeed he was," insisted the second, "The poor fool thought that he could make man worse than he is."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A Tribute from Angela Thirkell

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Angela Thirkell, author of the recently published "The Old Bank House" and beloved chronicler of Barsetshire, wrote the following tribute to Margaret Mitchell in a letter addressed to her American publisher. Mr. Alfred A. Knopf has very kindly offered us the privilege of reprinting it on this page.*

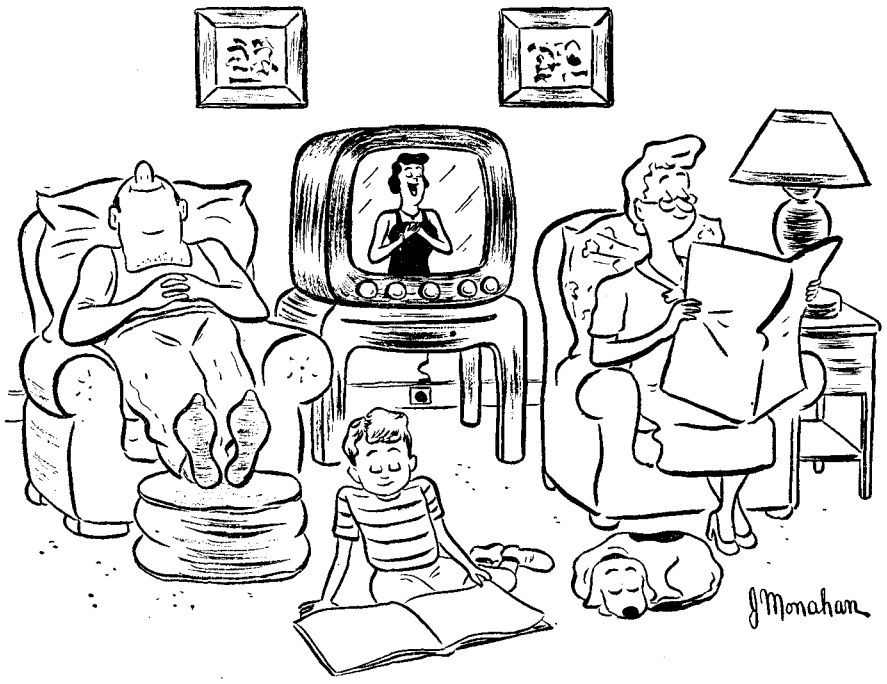
SIR: Some years ago, when England was beginning to feel the effects of peace-time food rationing, I received a food parcel from an unknown Mrs. John Marsh of Atlanta, with a very kind letter saying that she had read and enjoyed some of my books and would like to show her gratitude in this practical form. Her letter led to a delightful correspondence which has continued up till the last few weeks. But it was not till we had been writing for some time that some chance allusion suddenly made me realize that it was the author of "Gone With the Wind" who had so befriended an unknown Englishwoman. I was naturally enchanted to be able to express my thanks for the pleasure her great epic of the South had given me, but though she acknowledged my thanks most charmingly, there was at the same time a finely bred reticence which made me feel that it was as fellow-women, not as fellow-authors, that our friendship would continue; an attitude which I shared and deeply appreciated.

Ever since then her kindness in thinking of the English has been unceasing. Every letter asked what had been most liked, what she could send that would be most helpful, and she took special interest in that most hardly hit class, the old persons, retired governesses or nurses, who live alone in one or two rooms and on one ration book. What these quiet sufferers bear is not always known, and Miss Mitchell took an ever sympathetic interest and was always glad to hear that some ex-nannie, or the "daily" on whose help we all increasingly depend, had found life a little easier through her gifts. Of books we never wrote. Only of home life and her husband's health and of my children and grandchildren here and in Canada.

Two or three weeks ago I had a letter, saying that a parcel was on the way and hoping that various things in it would be of help, and as usual inquiring if there was anything special that she could send. Then I saw the tragic news of the accident, followed by her early and lamented death. There are not words to express one's grief, or one's sympathy with those who best knew and loved her. I can only say that her generous and kindly thought of the less lucky among us will not be forgotten and will remain as a memorial of her in many English hearts.

ANGELA THIRKELL.

London, Eng.



On Our Anniversary

SIR: I very rarely write letters to editors, but I am impelled to compliment you on the Twenty-fifth Anniversary edition of *SRL* [Aug. 6]. I feel a sort of proprietary interest in the *SRL*, since I have been a subscriber from the first issue. I am not a literary man but for years have been interested in good books. For many years as president of a college I directed the building up of a large college library. Now as a retired college president I am acting as chairman of a library board in the development of a county public library.

The *SRL* is performing a great service in the world of books. It is and has been a godsend to those who want to keep in touch with the best current literature. It is gratifying to know that there are enough people in this country willing to support such a periodical so that it can celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary. The Anniversary Issue is a marvelous literary achievement. Sincere congratulations.

JOSEPH ROSIER.

Fairmont, W. Va.

SIR: Congratulations on the Anniversary Issue. There were three advance copies on the *Ile de France*—much perused.

F. C. SCHANG.

S.S. *Ile de France*.

SIR: Your Twenty-fifth Anniversary Issue disappointed me. It didn't even live up to your regular weekly standard, much less represent a quarter-century of very considerable achievement. There was lots of worthy material but none of it quite supported the really informative and interesting advertisements.

I was especially peeved at the assumption that you were honor bound to record progress on the American writing scene and completely ignore that of other countries. A review of literature is just that, and there is no excuse for (however unconscious) chauvinism on an occasion like this. . . . One thing I can't praise enough —the constant mention and photographs of Sinclair Lewis. He's still the old master and I could not be more pleased to see him in fashion again.

MIMI GANTZ.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Bravos and bouquets to *SRL* and its editors for their terrific birthday issue! Lilienthal for science, the Butterfield-Gelatt album for nostalgia, the Doug Anderson map for humor, plus all those luminous literary names, make this issue a collector's item.

I am looking forward to your issue of August 6, 1974.

C. J. QUARRINGTON.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: As a twenty-five-year reader, and one of your early reviewers, may I congratulate you on the superb Anniversary Issue? It is full of the things a civilization is made of.

SRL is the only literary review—except the weekly book page of the *Christian Science Monitor*—which requires "the faculty of attention" from its readers.

NEIL MARTIN.

Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR: When the Anniversary Issue of your magazine came, I thought at first it was a catalogue of some sort. It never occurred to me that so much literary material could be issued in a single volume of a current magazine. I turned the pages with growing astonishment and delight to think of

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this vast compendium of literary riches all in a single issue, and all devoted to purely cultural ideals and purposes. Not a single picture of a disrobed female in the whole volume.

But is there no way to compel writers to express themselves with clarity? And would it not help clarity if the writer first defined his terms and gave us a classified terminology so that the reader would have something to hang his knowledge on?

Here is a sample of what I mean, taken from "The American Blend," by Howard W. Odum:

> With reference to the structural-functional definitions of regionalism, it is necessary to re-emphasize the fact that the primary objectives of regionalism are found in the end product of integration of regions more than the mere study and development of regions themselves.

Can anyone imagine Abraham Lincoln writing the Gettysburg Address in that style?

WAYNE C. WILLIAMS.

Denver, Colo.

Enlightened Majority

SIR: I doubt whether *SRL* could worse have prejudiced the Catholic case against Paul Blanshard's book ["American Freedom and Catholic Power," *SRL* July 30]—and there may be a sincere, intelligent, and genuinely pious and religious Catholic case against it—than by printing the review by William S. Lynch. Certainly that schoolman has done nothing to bring "a larger minority group into closer concordance (*sic*) with a puzzled majority." My own word for Blanshard's readers, after their reading, would be "enlightened."

HUBERTIS CUMMINGS.

Harrisburg, Pa.

The Sin of Hatred

SIR: The notion of E. M. Conover [LETTERS, *SRL* Sept. 3], that concord between Catholics and Protestants is impossible, or, as he puts it, possible only by an admission on the part of Protestants that they are heretics and outside the true Church, is sufficiently prevalent to merit an answer. It contains not one single scintilla of truth and maligns deeply the attitude both of Catholics and of the Catholic Church.

In 1935 the Church canonized that great Englishman Sir Thomas More who gave his very life for the cause of Catholic unity . . . to him identical with human unity. More lived when the various Protestant groups were beginning to wage violent warfare upon the Faith. He took part in that warfare on its literary or controversial side and robbed himself of sleep to do so. Yet, as a letter written after his death to his son shows abundantly, the warm hospitality and friendship which he showed to a Protestant scholar whom he entertained in his own home at Chelsea was in no way at all affected by More's hatred for the Protestant agitation as such. Concord existed between More and this Protestant; it was made by More who was host; it in no way affected More's attitude toward heresy. If this was possible and actual at a moment when divisive feelings ran riot, it is difficult to grasp how anyone could think it impossible today.

To hate a man's ideas because one thinks them false does not carry with it any obligation to hate the man. Catholics cannot hate men of any belief without sinning against charity. I must add that in my humble opinion they are guilty of this sin much less frequently than are non-Catholics.

G. R. GARRETT.

New York, N. Y.

Books for Britain

SIR: In an attempt to pick out eight novels by modern American writers that would compare favorably with eight English ones, these to be the subject of a debate by a group of students in England on the comparative merit of American and British fiction, I find to my dismay that there is little to choose from. Can we prove to those students that we have retained the high standards of literature of fifty years ago? Culture appears to be sadly lacking in our fiction of today as compared with British stories.

The doings of gangsters and criminals and pictures of the lowest strata of life in our country appear to be the most popular fields for modern American writers. Not only have pure love stories degenerated into sex stories of astounding vulgarity and indecency, but the style of writing, except in exceptional cases, is of low quality. Is there a deliberate attempt to lower the standard of excellence in American literature that was once recognized by Europe as very high? Can we not press for more cultured standards in fiction?

I shall appreciate it if readers will kindly suggest what they would class as first-class fiction. The group in England want love stories of any kind and none that have to do with the underworld. Debates of the kind I am trying to promote on the other side of the Atlantic will be a vast aid in helping the British to like and read our literature and promote friendly relations.

MARY LASCELLES.

Boston, Mass.

Postwar Prose

SIR: The foundation for Rudolf Flesch's criteria for the art of writing ("What the War Did to Prose," *SRL* Aug. 13) seems conveniently limited to relatively recent, and chiefly American, literary trends. The resulting perspective is necessarily narrow.

Mr. Flesch says that "literature falls back on the reporter's craft, and journalism is transformed into literature by the greatness of events." This is the key to his point of departure. He is claiming, essentially, that functional evaluation and established precepts of form now play only a secondary role in defining good writing; that all that is needed today to make a fine novel is a Barnum subject and the ability to control a verb.

In my opinion the best of writing lies between Mr. Flesch's two categories, the plain and ornate styles of literature. (Or would Mr. Flesch call Tolstoy and Hardy ornate?) Those examples he chooses to illustrate "journalistic literature" are, in some instances, plain and interesting and, in others, very plain and dull, providing sufficient proof that sorry examples of writing *sans* writing can be discovered in any era, come war or peace, since writing is a disease which strikes the unimaginative, the uninventive, the sentimental and insensitive—and, oh yes, the commercial.

JOHN M. SCHEALER.

Boyertown, Pa.

Hawaiian Statehood

SIR: Because of the wide influence of *The Saturday Review* in university circles, I thought that your readers would be interested in the contents of a letter which I have just received from President Gregg M. Sinclair of the University of Hawaii and which I have had the permission to release:

> Some people seem to think that we should postpone our efforts to get Statehood and even to delay the drawing up of a constitution for the State of Hawaii. I believe these people are absolutely mistaken. Now is precisely the time to draw up such a constitution. I think it would be a good American document, one that Congress will accept. If it isn't a good American document, Congress has the power to reject it. At any rate the constitution will show exactly where we are.

I am sure readers of *The Saturday Review* will recognize the soundness of President Sinclair's position.

ELMER G. LETERMAN.

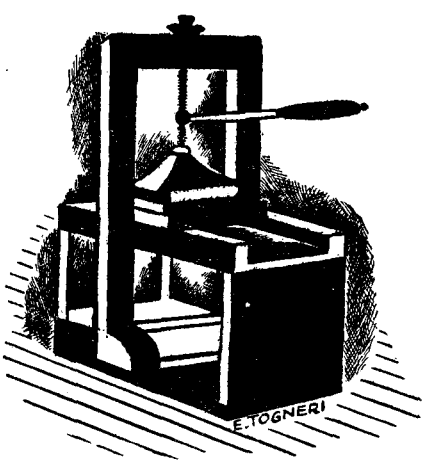
New York, N. Y.

A Ballot for Re-reviews

SIR: A correspondent of yours [*SRL* Aug. 13] suggested that you re-review books which seem worthwhile, but which do not seem to have pulled. The suggestion was so good that I thought you would be swamped with letters approving of the idea. It does not seem, however, to have caught on with your readers. Please, therefore, cast this as first ballot in its favor. I would further recommend that you stick only to the non-fiction field. All the critics go out of their way to push novels while relatively few non-fiction items are reviewed.

THOMAS L. JELTRUP.

New York, N. Y.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from page 23)

"What shall I give my children? who
are poor,
Who are adjudged the leastwise of the
land,
Who are my sweetest lepers . . ."

But when that talent devotes itself to setting forth an experience even more special and particularized than the usual poetic experience, then it puts itself under unnecessary strain. And this, I think, Miss Brooks has done in some of her pieces.

"Stand off, daughter of the dusk,
And do not wince when the bronzy
lads
Hurry to cream-yellow shining.
It is plausible. The sun is a lode.

True, there is silver under
The veils of the darkness.
But few care to dig in the night
For the possible treasure of stars."

Who but another Negro can get the intimate feeling, the racially-particular acceptance and rejection, and the oblique bitterness of this?

The question is whether Miss Brooks, or any poet (now when so many people find modern poetry obscure and unrewarding) can afford to be a coterie poet. The question is, further, whether it is not this penchant for coterie stuff—the special allusions, the highly special feeling derived from an even more special experience—that has brought poetry from the most highly regarded form of communication to the least regarded. No one wants to read a psychological treatise, or any treatise whatever for that matter, in order to get at the true meaning of a poem.

It may be that I exaggerate this flaw in "Annie Allen," for certainly it shows but seldom. But if I do, it is only by way of warning. I do not want to see Miss Brooks's fine talents dribble away in the obscure and the too oblique.

Though Miss Brooks's style seems naturally indirect, she is at her best when she assaults our senses directly. I wish there were room enough to quote the whole of "Manicure," for it is worth it (and so are others), but perhaps the last four lines will do:

. . . The glass eyes break. The red
Fat moves and melts. Brows rise in
lean surprise.
Bosom awakes. Maybe, she says. She
might.
Well, possibly . . . Well, call at nine
tonight.

When Miss Brooks succeeds as in "Manicure" and "The Anniad"—and she does more often succeed than fail—she is a glory to read and "a joy worth all thine enjoying."

—*Ernest Alexander.*

Gwendolyn Brooks—"artistically sure . . . emotionally firm . . . esthetically complete."

Poetry Notes

THANATOPSIS, by Herbert Cahoon. The Tiger's Eye, New York City. $4. As an example of book-making, this is one of the loveliest productions that I have had from the extraordinary Banyan Press, which printed it for *The Tiger's Eye*. Format, typography, paper, binding—everything reveals the most exquisite and unobtrusive taste. But the poetry itself is fragile, tiny, a kind of expiring sigh. There are occasional minor successes—a delicate perception, a neatly vivid image now and then—but nothing is sustained, the verse is good in fragments only, and the final effect is one of dimpling preciosity:

Ah, my sweet teachings!
I return mute
Without any trophies.
Gratis pro Deo.

So Mr. Cahoon, whose Latin—if indeed it is Latin—seems to mean "Free of charge of God's behalf"—a sentiment which is unclear to me, but which certainly does not refer to the price of the book, twenty-five pages for four dollars.

LISTEN. . . NO ECHO, by Dion O'Donnol. Wagon & Star Press, West Los Angeles, Calif. $1.50. Paper-bound in attractively violent colors, the poems themselves are printed on slips of silver paper superimposed on reproductions of newspaper and magazine pages—*Life* seems to predominate. Interspersed are pages of typographical collage and high-jinks in the manner which Kenneth Patchen sometimes affects, along with sundry warnings, colophons, and angelical devices. The book must have been tremendous fun to compose, and it is jolly to leaf through; but the verse, which moves imperceptibly at a very low level, is relentlessly dull.

POEMS 1928-1948, by Edouard Roditi. New Directions. $2. An author's foreword tells us that Mr. Roditi was translating English poems into Latin verse at the age of ten, and, two years later, into Greek as well. Nor is this all: much of his early work was in French, and he finds himself surprised today by the effortlessness with which he composed in that language. "Among British and American poets of my own generation," he writes, "I remain, of course, my favorite poet: if I were not convinced of the absolute value and importance of my poetry, I would long ago have ceased to take the trouble to write it, just as I no longer take the infinitely lesser trouble to read the work of poets whom I do not consider valuable or important." All in all, this foreword, which exhibits a self-complacent candor rare in contemporary letters, is the most engaging and suggestive part of the book. The poems themselves, after this fanfare, are disappointingly commonplace. Sonally, the verses are undistinguished: the technique is correct enough—suave, neat, knowing—; the quatrains and tercets—favorite forms—move "effortlessly" down the page; but the noise is not the noise of poetry, of poetry that is absolutely valuable and important. The sentiments, too, are correct, but unexciting (a sequence of twenty-two love poems turns out to be a masterpiece of refrigeration); in short, the aura is one of facile mediocrity. "Have others too, like I, remained / All night alone" was the oddly unscholarly passage at which this scholar's book first fell open for me, and further reading has not wholly dissipated the unhappiness of that introduction.

THE ART OF WORLD WISDOM, by Kenneth Rexroth. The Decker Press, Prairie City, Ill. $3. According to the dust jacket, Mr. Rexroth's early poems are not "juvenalia" [*sic*], unless the violin concertos, the Quartet in D minor, "*Die Entfuhurung*" [*sic*, again], or the "Linz" Symphony are "juvenalia" of Mozart. Whether or not the poems are "juvenale," they are full of interest as being the young work of a writer who has gone on since then to achieve eminence in contemporary writing. The more freakish poems—Mr. Rexroth would reject the epithet—heavily influenced by Gertrude Stein and the surrealists, are in the familiar (and today how

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STAGE

"A BIG AND COLORFUL SHOW!"
—MOREHOUSE, Sun.

The BERLIN • SHERWOOD • HART Musical

Miss Liberty

EVES. 8:30 • MATS. WED. & SAT. 2:30
IMPERIAL THEATRE • W. 45 ST. • AIR COND.

HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE present
RALPH BELLAMY in
"DETECTIVE STORY"
By SIDNEY KINGSLEY
with ANNE BURR
HUDSON Thea. 44th St. E. of B'way. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Pulitzer Prize 1949 Critics' Award 1949

death of a Salesman

Morosco Theatre West 45th St.

Bad news for bees

THE BEE HUNTER

BY GEORGE HAROLD EDGELL

"It is time," says Mr. Edgell, "for someone who has hunted bees and found bee trees to write the facts . . ." and this crafty expert does just that, in concrete, pithy observations—to wit: "One's first task is to catch a bee." And, when identifying a bee by painting its tail blue, "This must be done gently. Bees do not like to be painted." 7 illustrations. $2.50

At your bookstore

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

RITA HAYWORTH

had her hair cut before an invited audience of *nearly twenty newsmen.*

Read this and other delightful closeups of celebrities in

Geniuses, Goddesses and People

by Winthrop Sargeant

$3.50 DUTTON

archaic in tone!) manner to which most of us who were experimenting in the late Twenties did obeisance. But these pieces are in the minority. Elsewhere, in poem after poem the reader will find adumbrated the firm control, the brilliant wit, the quick ear, and the deep humanistic passion that characterize Mr. Rexroth's mature work. He is often difficult, at times perversely so; but he is always the convinced, absorbed artist. After so much that is pretentious, or sterile, or merely pedestrian, one turns to him with sincere gratitude. One is tempted, almost, to raise in his behalf the sonorous, Orphic Cahoon-cry, *Gratis pro Deo!* —DUDLEY FITTS.

TOWN DOWN EAST, by Jessie Wheeler Freeman. Stephen Daye Press, Brattleboro, Vt. $2. This volume consists principally of verbal portraits of Maine townsmen and neighbors of Jessie Wheeler Freeman. At their best, they present clean-etched profiles of men and women whose personalities and mannerisms are caught in a phrase or two. The better biographical poems inevitably invite comparison with the "Spoon River Anthology," but Mrs. Freeman has neither the eloquence nor the acid of an Edgar Lee Masters. Here is her effective tribute to Nicanor Stoughton:

There is a healing for all things that grow.
Tear up the sod and grass will cure the ground.
Plants that are sharply pruned bear finer fruit,
Cut down a tree and scions sprout around.

Rock does not grow, nor need the surge of life
That springs and dies around it in the field.
But cleft at last by some tremendous blow,
It stands forever riven and unhealed.

Mrs. Freeman is sympathetic with her people, and is apt to be descriptive of their idiosyncrasies rather than interpretive of their character. Some of the sketches extend to brief ballads or philosophic dialogues. "Cleve's Party" has the authentic feeling of a Maine tragedy, and the scalp tingles a bit

When Cleve gives a party with wind for a crier
Lock the door, draw the curtain, sit close to the fire!

SEA SPRUNG, by Vincent Ferrini. Cape Ann Press, Gloucester, Mass. $1. These poems are arranged on the page by a typographical gymnast. Despite the visual mannerism of the lines, there are many unusual figures of speech. His description of the fishermen is convincing, as image and epithet are piled up in a lack of syntax and a catalogue of marine objects. Following somewhat the e. e. cummings and "H. D." (Hilda Doolittle) imagistic style, Ferrini tries to be a sounding board for the New England coast, a promontory from which rare and rich sound vibrates without a symphonic unity. The illustrations by Louis Evan are effective in interpreting the Ferrini spirit of modernism. The drawings are sparse in line and geometric in pattern, and at times more expressive and communicative than the blurts of eloquence from the poet.

TEAR DROPS AND DEW, by Lillian Reznick Ott. Exposition Press, New York. $2.50. In the 176 pages of this volume, there is a range from the prophetic voice of tradition to the sheer doggerel of patriotism and journalism. Nothing escapes the observing eye of Mrs. Ott. All is translated in rhymed opinion and indignation. From a nationalistic point of view, she recounts the tragedy of the Jew in the recent war, and she sings of his hope in a new land under the flag of his own making. All this is told in enthusiastic and undisciplined rhymes. In the occasional poem stemming from Talmudic lore, however, there are flights worthy of a prophet, songs which carry the ring of tradition in them. Her poem of the Hebrew alphabet, in which we hear the child

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 326

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 326 will be found in the next issue.

BCO CGTACHTMCIH

NYOYGUFYX MBY QCHAO

IZ TH IOMNCVB. CM

YHTUFYX BCG MI NDH,

MBODAB HIM MI OITN.

—FINX GTVTDFTE.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 325

The best happiness a woman can boast is that of being most carefully deceived.

—GEORGE JAMES.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

learning by rote, not only the letters, Aleph, Beth, Giml, but the whole history and culture of a people during centuries of oppression and heartbreak, compensates for the welter of words of other poems that are of a low bardic order.

JEWEL OF OUR LONGING, by Charlotte Marletto. Wagon & Star, West Los Angeles. $2.50. The problem of communication is a serious one for Charlotte Marletto, who has an original and searching mind. Her ideas are philosophic and her emotions intellectual, but they are trapped and strangled in a verbal technique. The poet's images are fresh, and often startling in their effectiveness; likewise the pictures conjured have an unnatural but fascinating brilliance as in the "March Immortelles," beginning:

When peacocks flower the falling
hillside
their fan of eyes drink up a
poppy-dawn—

The poet's work, as a graduate nurse, has influenced her subject matter, and her vocabulary reflects her knowledge of medical, psychiatric, and scientific matters. One of the more lyrical and communicative poems is the "Circle of Aleph and Zaleth," in which the intellectual irony is sweetened by a sympathy for mankind in the quarrel of his dual natures. If Charlotte Marletto could untangle her ideas from the skein of rhetoric, we would follow her with great pleasure, for she has something to say.

—A. M. SULLIVAN.

THE SHORES OF DARKNESS, by Demetrios Capetanakis. Devin-Adair. $2.75. Demetrios Capetanakis, Greek poet and translator who died in London in 1944 at the age of thirty-two, chose the title "The Shores of Darkness," John Lehmann tells us in his introduction, because the poet was convinced that "until one has become aware of the illimitable unknown that surrounds our lives, one cannot understand or properly value existence." This philosophical objective is the analytical base of the eleven critical essays which, with two exceptions, the poet wrote in English. It is both the asset and the liability of his critical analysis. He penetrates into the life and work of Ghika, Rimbaud, Stefan George, Proust, Dostoievsky, and Thomas Gray with scholarly integrity and a good deal of feeling. None, however, contains the authoritative ease of his "Introduction to Modern Greek Poetry," which I first read in "New Daylight and Writing" in 1944.

For me the most impressive feature of "The Shores of Darkness" is the poet's English, which he used most deftly in his sixteen original poems and three poem translations. Capetanakis went to London in 1939. One seldom achieves such native ease in a span of five years. In "Detective Story" he beats out his ten-syllable quatrains with the essence of words. In "Emily Dickinson" he patterns his rhyme scheme to fit the essence of his subject. In her moving essay (included in this volume) on "The Poetry of Demetrios Capetanakis" Edith Sitwell says, "He used English as Conrad alone among men not born to it used it, with a native distinction, with subtlety and a complete understanding of all the shades and inflections of meaning." In the death of Demetrios Capetanakis two nations lost a poet: England and Greece.

—RAE DALVEN.

Book Mss. Welcomed

Every author delights in a best seller, but even a book with a limited audience can prove profitable when expertly promoted. We publish books of every classification; submit your ms. now, or write Dept. D for free literature.

VANTAGE PRESS
35 So. William St., New York 4

STAGE

CRITICS' AWARD FOR BEST MUSICAL
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
present in association with
LELAND HAYWARD & JOSHUA LOGAN
MARY MARTIN · EZIO PINZA
In A New Musical Play
South Pacific
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Book by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd & JOSHUA LOGAN
Adapted from JAMES A. MICHENER'S Pulitzer Prize Winning "TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
Scenery & Lighting by Jo Mielziner
with MYRON McCORMICK
MAJESTIC THEA., 44th St. W. of B'way
Air-Conditioned. Matinees Wed. & Sat.

HENRY FONDA
in
Mister Roberts
A play by THOMAS HEGGEN & JOSHUA LOGAN
with Robert KEITH
William HARRIGAN Murray HAMILTON
ALVIN Thea., W. 52 St. Eves 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
THE NATIONAL COMPANY opens a 3-week engagement beg. Sept. 19th at the NIXON THEATRE, PITTSBURGH

THE TOWN HALL

TOWN HALL'S Popular SHORT COURSES
FOR BUSY NEW YORKERS

10 short courses for busy people who find fun and relaxation in lifelong learning. All at convenient hours. Each course is 10 sessions in length.

COURSE	TIME (PM)	DAY OF WEEK	COURSE BEGINS	COURSE FEE FOR ALL 10 SESSIONS
TRAVELOGUES	5:30	THURS.	OCT. 6	$10.00
EXPLORING RADIO AND TELEVISION	5:30	THURS.	OCT. 6	$10.00
COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY	8:00	THURS.	OCT. 6	$10.00
COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY	5:30	FRI.	OCT. 7	$10.00
WRITING	5:30	WED.	OCT. 12	$10.00
THE IRON CURTAIN COUNTRIES	4:30	TUES.	OCT. 11	$10.00
PSYCHIATRY AND PERSONAL RELATIONS	5:30	MON.	OCT. 10	$10.00
The following are given in association with THE JUILLIARD SCHOOL OF MUSIC				
PIANO FORUM	5:30	TUES.	OCT. 11	$10.00
TOWN HALL CHORUS	5:30	FRI.	OCT. 7	$10.00
CONTEMPORARY MUSIC	5:30	WED.	OCT. 12	$10.00
SONG INTERPRETATION	5:30	MON.	OCT. 10	$10.00

SHORT COURSE DEPARTMENT, TOWN HALL
123 West 43rd St., NEW YORK 18, N. Y., LUxemburg 2-2424.
Please enroll me in the following Town Hall Short Course:
☐ Exploring Radio & Television; ☐ 8 PM Thurs. ☐ 5:30 PM Fri. Color Photography ☐ Travelogues; ☐ Writing; ☐ The Iron Curtain Countries; ☐ Psychiatry and Personal Relations; ☐ Piano Forum; ☐ Town Hall Chorus; ☐ Contemporary Music; ☐ Song Interpretation.
NAME_____
ADDRESS_____ CITY_____
Please make checks or money orders payable to The Town Hall, Inc. Further information about these courses may be had by letter or phone.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HIROSHIMA—FOUR YEARS LATER

(*Continued from page 10*)

you had the strange spectacle of a man suffering from radioactive sickness getting thousands of dollars' worth of analysis but not one cent of treatment from the Commission.

On the second floor of the Memorial Hospital in Hiroshima, near crowded rooms of children who are serious TB cases, a woman rushed out to me and fell at my feet, sobbing as I have heard few people sob. Dr. Akio Asano, the tall, scholarly, youthful head of the hospital, told me she had heard that an American had come to Hiroshima and that she had just been praying to Kami for the American to come to the hospital so that he might be able to see how sick her little girl was and how badly she needed certain medicine they didn't have in Hiroshima. She had been praying when I walked in. The little girl was seven years old. Her father had been killed in the atomic explosion. Her name was Nobuko Takeuchi. She had been ill of tuberculosis for several months, complicated by a series of mastoid infections, for which there had been several operations. But now she had what Dr. Asano described as the worst case of tuberculosis he had ever seen in a child of her age, and she might not live for more than a few weeks unless she was able to get large doses of streptomycin. But nowhere in Hiroshima could you get streptomycin.

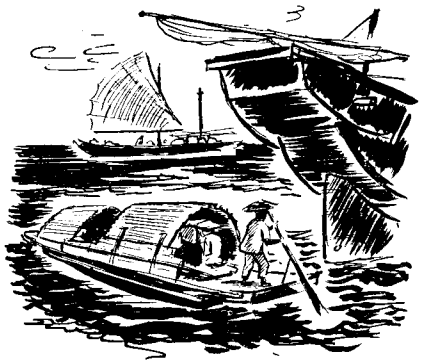
That night I became a black marketeer. We established contact with what are called sources in Japan and a few grams of streptomycin were rushed over to the hospital. But little Nobuko needed forty to fifty grams and we sent wires to Tokyo and even to the United States to get the medicine in time. It is now three days since my first visit to Dr. Asano's hospital and Nobuko is still getting along on the first few grams. If we are lucky the balance of the dosage should arrive in a few days.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *In response to this wire, a considerable supply of streptomycin was sent by the Church World Service. It arrived in Hiroshima by air several days after this article was written. Word has been received that Nobuko is responding to the medicine.*]

After we left the hospital, Mayor Hamai told me of his dream for a modern hospital in Hiroshima that would become part of the Hiroshima Peace Center, for which the Rev. Kiyoshi Tanimoto, of the Nakaregawa Church of Christ in Hiroshima, had gone to the United States in search of support. I had been working with Mr. Tanimoto in the United States, getting groups together to advance the idea of a Hiroshima Peace Center, but not until now did I realize how important were the units that were to go into it. The Peace Center would have, in addition to the hospital, an orphanage, a home for the aged, a civic recreation center, a peace institute study center, and a medical research center.

The next tour was of the orphanages for children whose parents were killed in the atomic explosion. I should like to report on one of them in particular —the Yamashita Orphanage, located about eight miles outside the city on a hillside. It is operated by Mr. and Mrs. Yamashita as a public service with whatever help and support they can get from the city and its people, and from the outside world. It is the largest of the four orphanages for Hiroshima children, providing care for almost 100 youngsters ranging in age from four years to seventeen years. The youngest was born just a few hours before the bombing.

Mr. and Mrs. Yamashita were able to survive the bombing despite severe burns. Mrs. Yamashita had been close to the center of the explosion and said that suddenly there was a bright light



and her body was on fire. She was carrying her two-year-old baby at the time, and the first thing she did was to smother the flames that enveloped the child. Then she picked up the baby and ran until she reached the fields outside the city, where she lived for three days on the ground before word came that people were returning to the city.

On her return she found Mr. Yamashita, already under treatment. Recovery was slow for both of them, but after six months they were able to resume their lives and decided to dedicate themselves to the care of orphans. They got land and homes outside Hiroshima and built this little colony.

Mr. and Mrs. Yamashita are now completely recovered, except that the old wounds burn and itch in extremely warm or cold weather. Mrs. Yamashita said that she has been unable to have a successful pregnancy since the bombing, having experienced four miscarriages. She spoke of other women in Hiroshima in like circumstances.

The Yamashita Orphanage was, I think, the high spot of my visit to Hiroshima. Living conditions were better and brighter than I had seen almost anywhere else in the city. The children here were more alert, more responsive, and seemed quicker and happier than I had seen almost anywhere in Japan. The food was adequate and well prepared; there was ample play space; and, what was more important, the children were not starved for want of affection. Dozens of the younger ones hung on to Mrs. Yamashita like kids hanging on to an American mother's skirts in a department store. The quality of the teaching in the orphange was as high as you would find anywhere in Japan. There was only one thing wrong with the Yamashita Orphanage. There was not enough of it. It ought to be five times as large, and would be, if outside help were forthcoming.

Before coming to Japan, several people had told me that they would like to adopt Japanese children orphaned by the bombing. Under the Oriental Exclusion Act, however, these adoptions are not possible. I should like to suggest the next best thing —moral adoptions. By moral adoptions I am thinking of Hiroshima children who would be adopted by American families and who would carry the names of the people adopting them. The children would continue to live in Japan—perhaps in some place such as Mrs. Yamashita's—but the American families would be responsible for their care and upbringing. Then, later, if Congress passes a law permitting Japanese children to come to America, these morally adopted children could become legally adopted as well.

The full cost of taking care of one child at Mrs. Yamashita's—including food, education, and everything—is $2.25 a month. I proposed the idea of moral adoptions to Mrs. Yamashita and she was enthusiastic about it. If any *SRL* readers would like to adopt Hiroshima orphans on this basis, I should be glad to act as middleman.

The next morning, Mayor Hamai took me to the site of the old castle that had been destroyed by the bomb. Here, on an artificial hillside, you could overlook the city with its seven rivers and its many bridges. You could see the many homes and stores going up. The sound of the city, with its old

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trolleys, and the sounds of the pile drivers and the hammers and saws, blended into a drone, as it sometimes does high up in a skyscraper.

There on the hillside that morning, a small group of citizens broke ground for the Hiroshima Peace Center, and rededicated their city to the cause of peace by renaming it the Peace City. Mayor Hamai spoke of his hope that within a few years there might rise on this site an Institute for the Study of World Peace, as part of the Peace Center project.

* * *

THE day before I left Hiroshima, I asked Mayor Hamai whether there was anything he wanted me to do for him in the United States. He hesitated a while, then said he would like me to bring back a message from him to Americans. He wrote it out:

"There is much I would like to say to America. First of all, I would like to thank those Americans who have helped us to bring a dead city back to life.

"It is not my place or purpose to try to tell Americans what ought to be done. But what I can do is to tell them about what will happen to the world's cities if something is not done to stop war. The people of Hiroshima ask nothing of the world except that we be allowed to offer ourselves as an exhibit for peace. We ask only that enough peoples know what happened here and how it happened and why it happened, and that they work hard to see that it never happens anywhere again.

"We the people of Hiroshima are sick at heart as we look out at the world and see that nations are already fighting the initial skirmishes that can grow into a full war. We know that stopping war is not a simple thing and that there are grave questions that have to be solved before the world can have true peace. We know, too, that peace is not to be had just for the asking; all nations must agree to it.

"But we also know that some nation must take leadership in building the type of peace that will last. And we are looking to America for that leadership. America can call for world law and all the world will listen. Leaders of a few nations may not want to listen but their people will hear. Let the call go out from America for a federation of the nations strong enough to prevent war, and a thrill will be known in the hearts of millions of people everywhere. This is the best hope for averting a war which would see thousands of Hiroshimas. And this is the message the people of Hiroshima ask that you take back to America." —N. C.

from A for dining Alone

to Z for Zakuski

M. F. K. Fisher, author of *How to Cook a Wolf*, takes you on another inimitable journey into the land of food and drink, from applesauce to paté fin-pour fêtes; from how a woman in love cooks an egg, to seduction via the menu. *Illus.* $3.00

AN ALPHABET FOR GOURMETS

THE VIKING PRESS

HE THE MAKER

by William B. Ziff

Illustrated by Annamarie Bonnet

■ EVERY AGE needs a work which reveals the existing generation of man to himself. *He the Maker* is the supreme jeremiad of the atomic age.

■ IT IS A BOOK which will long be remembered, portraying in rich and vivid exposition the good and evil of our time.

■ BOLD AND sweeping in its concepts, this free verse narrative treats with dynamic power the problem which forever has perplexed man:

"Exalted art thou, yet brother to the beast!
Thou solver of enigmas, man!
Thou cracker of atoms;
Thou master of sealed mysteries!
Yet most terrible
And most insoluble of all of these is thee!"

■ Not since Thomas Hardy sang of the Fates in *The Dynasts*, has a poet of stature grappled with this truly epic theme.

$2.50 at all good bookstores.

ARGUS BOOKS, Inc. • MOHEGAN LAKE • NEW YORK

Mr. Ziff has also written *The Coming Battle of Germany, The Gentlemen Talk of Peace, The Rape of Palestine* and *Two Worlds.*

Help Send Food for the Mind . . . .

• Your contribution to the new CARE-UNESCO Book Program will replenish the war-wrecked libraries of Europe and Asia with the latest scientific and technical books in English. Full information available. **CARE, 20 Broad Street, New York 5, N. Y.**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FROM THE MAINE WOODS

IT is good to have a book like "The Little Hill" in the Northern woods. It is small enough to slip into the big pocket of a waterproof fishing coat. Its verses harmonize with the song of the wind in the pines and the lapping of waves, wind-driven down the full six miles of Kennebago Lake that make our sandy beach look and sound like a miniature ocean. On a day like this one looks at the pictures in "Henry—Fisherman" and wonders if Henry's water could be any bluer than the water here that is enclosed in countless miles of forest—dark, rich green under the blue September sky.

Each individual book that one reads here seems to mean more than it does in other surroundings. Is the squirrel up on that cedar tree scolding because we laughed aloud over the mole elevator-man in "Bertie's Escapade"? This treasure of a book will be saved for the October number. How near it makes Book Week seem!! Its problems and pleasure are far removed from the Maine woods, but the books that we have enjoyed here will be "among those present" when the posters are up and the Book Fair opened. The goldenrod along the road to the village is fading, and there are splashes of scarlet and yellow in the maple trees. In a few short weeks the busiest time in the year for children's books will begin. Let "Little Boy Brown" and the adventures of Peter Peabody Pepperell and the little Blue Cat of Castletown and the others make their debut, running out of the quiet of the Maine woods to book stores and libraries and homes all over America.

—MARY GOULD DAVIS.

THE FABULOUS FLIGHT. By Robert Lawson. Illustrated by the Author. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 152 pp. $2.50.

YOUNG Peter Peabody Pepperell, III, son of an official in our State Department, grew smaller rather than taller after his seventh year. By the time he had reached the unusual height of ten inches he was an extremely healthy and intelligent boy who rode a rabbit as a horse and accomplished far more than most boys of his age. He had set up and trained a finely disciplined army of small wild animals and was more than ready for a dangerous adventure in diplomacy. This was to cross the Atlantic on the back of a sea gull in order to find and remove a mysterious capsule that was powerful enough to blow up the world.

Peter's father had a hobby of building models, tiny but perfect in every detail. When Gus, the sea gull, offered to fly Peter to the island where the capsule lay, Mr. Pepperell made a tiny car that fitted nicely on Gus's back and filled it with every possible convenience for the journey—all in scale. The end-paper map shows the course of that journey, but not even a map made by Robert Lawson can outline its dangers and its delights. To realize those fully one must read every word of the story. The capsule was, of course, found and removed—with almost fatal results to Gus and Peter. But they finally returned safely to Washington, and Peter was decorated by the President in the presence of officials and his proud family.

—From "The Fabulous Flight."

Not the least of the joys of this fascinating story is the conversation of Gus. It is slightly tough and characteristically American. It will bring chuckles from young and old. Here is an adventure sorry, funny, exciting, and original. The drawings are as only Robert Lawson can make them. We reproduce one and wish that we could reproduce them all.

HENRY—FISHERMAN: A Story of the Virgin Islands. By Marcia Brown. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. No paging. $2.

As far as this reviewer knows this is the first picture book about the Virgin Islands that American boys and girls have had. It is printed in full color, and it obviously is the result of close observation and a lively enjoyment of the actual scene. That it is by Marcia Brown, who gave us "The Little Carousel" and "Stone Soup," insures it a warm welcome. The pictures show Henry, whose father was a fisherman, against the picturesque town on the island of St. Thomas and the sea. There are five colors—coral, green, and a clear yellow predominating. One of the most effective pictures is of Henry deep under the water, unfastening the hook that holds the fish-net with the shadow of a shark hovering over him. One of the gayest is of the harbor with the *Ariadne,* Henry's boat, coming into port. Miss Brown tells us that "nobody hurried, nobody had to hurry on St. Thomas." The effect of the drawings and the story of young Henry on this reviewer was to create an almost irresistible longing to take the next boat or plane to the Virgin Islands.

LITTLE BOY BROWN. By Isobel Harris. Illustrated by André Francois. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 46 pp. $1.75.

THE first impression that one gets of this picture book is of its originality. The drawings, printed in black and brown, are by a young French artist who is a student of Picasso. They might have been made by a talented and imaginative child who was hampered by no tuition or criticism from the adult world that surrounds him. Little Boy Brown shows us first the apartment hotel in a big city where he lives with his father and mother. He gives us the vertical view, familiar to city children, but astonishing to those who have never seen high buildings. Hilda, the maid, takes him to the country, where her family lives in a house that has upstairs and downstairs, a kitchen, where Hilda's mother makes marvelous chocolate cake, and a yard, where, with the help of Hilda's brother, who is a policeman, Little Boy Brown builds a snowman. He runs upstairs and downstairs eleven times and decides that a house in the country is a most interesting place. He also discovers a friendly dog and a little canary bird who does *not* live in a cage.

Children will laugh with these pic-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tures: the vertical view of the hotel with all its fascinating details, the subway, the park, the bus that takes Hilda and Little Boy Brown "to the end of the line." City children will probably envy him his happy days in the country. Country children will almost certainly envy him the high buildings, the subway, the impressive doorman, the waiters, the elevator, and other intriguing details of life in a city. For grown-ups this picture book has a definite value. The artist is original. The text is fresh and honest. Little Boy Brown is secure and happy in his city life. His day in the country is a new experience that brings delight and satisfaction. Through story and pictures we learn how very much a new experience, joyfully conducted, can mean to little boys and girls.

PET TALE. By Ruth and Latrobe Carrol. New York: Oxford University Press. No paging. $1.50.

This is not a very good title for a book that little boys and girls are sure to take to their hearts. It is what is called in folklore a "cumulative" story. It tells of a horse who would not run a race without his pet, the donkey. The donkey wanted his pet, the lamb, to go, too. The lamb wanted his pet, the pig. The pig wanted the puppy, the puppy wanted the rabbit, the rabbit wanted the field mouse, and the field mouse wanted her six babies. Finally the farmer attached to his car seven trailers of varying size and they all went to the race—which the horse won. The pictures are enchanting. It is impossible to resist them. Never was there a more endearing horse, donkey, lamb, pig, puppy, rabbit, or field mouse. They are printed in soft black and white and the story is told for little children.

THE MARVELOUS ADVENTURES OF JOHNNY CAESAR CICERO DARLING. By M. Jagendorf. With a foreword by Harold Thompson, illustrated by Howard Simon. New York: The Vanguard Press. 239 *pp.* $2.75.

This is the story of Johnny Darling who lived in the Catskill Mountains a hundred years or so ago and told tall tales of his own adventures. Johnny had a gun called Nevermiss and a dog called Dee. He married Martha Ann and had a son and a daughter. He traveled all over the world and never bought a ticket. He rode the white mustang that no man had ever ridden before and raced with the rain—and beat it. He brought home presents from the Queen of Spain and the Queen of China. When

An Important Literary Event

The Complete Plays of HENRY JAMES

EDITED BY Leon Edel

Here for the first time are the complete dramatic works of Henry James, including seven plays never before printed. Edited by Leon Edel, with an introductory essay and a preface to each play; the editorial material, running to 60,000 words, provides a brilliant contribution to James biography and criticism.

Special Pre-Publication Price $8.50

Price After Publication on October 12th $10.00

Order Your Copy Now

Philadelphia • J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY • New York

OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO PUBLISHERS
of Encyclopedias and Other Fine Large Edition Printing

We have recently installed a battery of large 49 x 80 UPM presses designed for producing fine halftone edition printing, and now offer the remaining open press time at contract rates.

We shall be pleased to demonstrate the low cost and high quality advantages this equipment makes possible. Your inquiry will receive our prompt attention.

BLANCHARD PRESS, INC.
418-428 West 25th Street, New York 1, N. Y. WAtkins 4-5700

All the wonders of your country
The only complete travel guide to the UNITED STATES
The American Guide
Edited by HENRY G. ALSBERG
Where to go • What to see • How to get there
Over a million words • 1376 pages
ONLY $7.50 • SEND FOR FREE BROCHURE
HASTINGS HOUSE, Publishers
41 East 50th Street • New York 22, N.Y.

Story Classics

FOR JUST 3000 MEMBERS, a volume of matchless beauty and content every two months at $3.75 — books that are winning awards for their format! Send for free brochure: STORY CLASSICS, EMMAUS 8A, PA.

It's just published!

HERE'S HAZEL!

by TED KEY

124 NEW Hazel cartoons from the Saturday Evening Post.

$2 at bookstores

DUTTON

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he accidentally broke the back of the pig that the Queen of China gave him, Johnny fastened two little wheels to her rear end and, later, all her little piglets were born with wheels fastened to their rear ends. When he was very old people said that Johnny was crazy, but there are still people living who remember Johnny Darling and can tell the legends that have grown up about him. Dr. Jagendorf tells them here as he heard them, in crisp, humorous prose. The sketches by Howard Simon, and the fine format make Johnny's story an unusually attractive book. It preserves the folklore of the Catskills and it belongs in the enduring records of American folk literature.

THE BLUE CAT OF CASTLETOWN. By Catherine Cate Coblentz. Illustrated by Janice Holland. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 123 *pp.* $2.75.

THIS is a New England legend, a fairy story set in a little town in Vermont during the Revolutionary War. The little blue cat's sedate mother warned her not to listen to the song of the river; but listen she did, and the river told her to seek in Castletown the people who followed the way of beauty and truth and integrity. "Sing your own song," said the river:

Sing your own song.
With life fashion beauty,
This, too, is the song.
Riches will pass, and power. Beauty remains.
Sing your own song.

So the blue cat went to Castletown and there she found Thomas Dake, who made with his own hands, and his own money, the lovely pulpit for the church—the most beautiful pulpit in all Vermont. She found Ebenezer Southmayd, who threw away his flimsy, molded tinware and fashioned by hand a pewter teapot and marked it with his mark—a ship in full sail. She found the girl Zeruah, unhappy and frustrated, and through the river's song helped her weave the carpet that hangs to this day in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The blue cat found, too, Arunah Hyde, who was the evil element in Castletown. The people there had probably never heard the words "mass production," but that was what Arunah Hyde was trying to force them to so that he would have more money in his pockets. That he failed is proven by the pulpit and the carpet and the teapot—and by Castletown as it is today. This is an American allegory, beautifully told. It is bound in blue and generously illustrated with charming black and white drawings and an end-paper map printed in blue. It is a significant story, but to the children it will be a fairy tale with a lovable little blue cat as its heroine.

NORTH WINDS BLOW FREE. By Elizabeth Howard. New York: William Morrow & Co. 192 *pp.* $2.50.

THIS is a novel, and an unusually good one, by the author of "Summer Under Sail." It is the story of Elspeth McLaren, whose father was one of the key men in the Underground Railway. The McLarens lived in Michigan, near the Canadian border, and a station of the Underground was in their yard. When Mr. McLaren went with his older sons to Ontario to found a settlement for the escaped slaves, Elspeth and her aunt and her youngest brother stayed on the farm, dealing as best they could with the problems of their day that beset brave and far-seeing men and women. It is the story of a girl who wanted the good things of life, as all girls do, but who weighed her own needs and desires against a greater need, and found happiness in service. Later, when Elspeth and Dave and their aunt join the others in Ontario, Elspeth's love story develops happily. In many ways a dramatic picture of tense days in the American struggle for freedom and equal opportunity, this is, too, an appealing love story and a satisfying presentation of characters who develop naturally under great stress. Freedom is a word that has a special meaning to young people in these days. Here it is given a personal and a special value.

THE LITTLE HILL. Poems and Pictures by Harry Behn. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 58 *pp.* $2.

IN A pre-publication note a New York newspaper suggests that this little book "may become a children's classic." Reading it from cover to cover one feels that this is a safe prophecy. It is rare to find new poems for children that have the zest and freshness, the delicacy and humor that one finds in these. They are about things that are familiar to almost all children and yet in them is a sense of something discovered, something secret and beautiful that is shared:

Windy shadows race
Over a hilly place
I know, a sunny place,
A secret place.

Here no one ever goes
Because here nothing grows,
Only weeds and wild rose,
And no one knows.

—From "The Blue Cat of Castle Town."

Hidden by woods and vine
Far up in the sun shine
This little hill is mine,
This hill is mine.

There is a poem about trees that puts into lovely, rhythmic words the thoughts that come to a child who listens to trees "Hum a drowsy lullaby of sleepy children long ago." In many of the poems there is a spicy humor and in some a touch of wisdom. In its format this little book is just exactly right. It is printed on a creamy paper that looks handmade. The jewel-like drawings are printed in mulberry ink. It is a book to find very early in life and to treasure as long as life lasts. —M. G. D.

SUNSHINE FOR MERRILY. By Marthat Gwinn Kiser. Illustrated by Eloise Wilkins. New York: Random House. 130 *pp.* $2.

MERRILY was an imaginative little girl, always inventing stories and rhymes which made life happier for her at the County Home. But real life became really wonderful when Miss Allie, the town spinster, took Merrily, her sister Meady, and Bucky, their baby brother, to her own weather-beaten house for a Thanksgiving party. The children had great fun dressing up, cracking nuts, and eating the many good things "seasoned with sunshine." Not only Merrily, but also Miss Allie and her betrothed, whom the children called Uncle Richard, were endowed with lively imagination, which appeared in the things that they said and in the many unusual ways they had of making their simple lives beautiful. There is also Miss Maude Posey, who is very much like a fairy godmother. We are therefore not surprised when Merrily and her sister and brother are asked to stay on as members of Miss Allie's household.

The pictures by Eloise Wilkins share the poetic and humorous qualities of the story. It is printed in an especially clear and attractive type. Sensitive little girls who enjoy a simple and old-fashioned story will like this one.

—BLANCHE WEBER SHAFFER.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Film Forum

ANIMALS—WILD AND TAMED

The Saturday Review's Weekly Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.

COME TO THE CIRCUS

Produced and distributed by Library Films, 25 W. 45th St., New York 19, N. Y. Rental prints available from commercial and educational film libraries. (26 min.)

This isn't the colossal, gigantic, stupendous show that could be called the greatest on earth, but a typically European one in which circus artistry has priority over noise and confusion. The film provides close-range views of a number of interesting animal acts: sixteen trained horses, an elephant that stands on one leg, ten very amusing polar bears performing on a slide with unamused expressions on their dead-white faces, and tigers jumping through hoops. In addition, an expert tight-rope walker does some amazing acrobatics, and later displays her skills atop a fifty-foot swaypole. The Fratellini clown troup ends the film with a surprisingly good laugh.

Camera work in the film is static and dull, but there's enough action in front of it to keep most audiences amused. Young or old, if you can take your circuses minus peanuts and popcorn, you'll enjoy this one.

STARS IN STRIPES

Produced and distributed by the Education Department, New York Zoological Society, The Zoological Park, New York 60, N. Y., for rental and sale. (10 min., color.)

For the first time in fifty years, three captive-born tiger cubs have been successfully raised—and in a New York apartment, of all places. This film shows their development from a babyhood of less than three pounds each to a massive maturity of 500 pounds or more.

Since tiger mothers kept in cages have the melancholy habit of refusing to feed their young, it was necessary to farm the new-born cubs out to a foster home. Mrs. Fred Martini, wife of the Lion House Keeper at the zoo, took them home and turned her kitchen into a model animal nursery, with the latest gadgets for care of the young. The tiger babies got as much loving care as any set of triplets could expect, including bottle feedings every three hours by Mrs. Martini. And it takes a lot of love to get up at three o'clock in the morning to feed three hungry felines.

The little cubs felt right at home in the Martini apartment. At five weeks we see them skidding around on the waxed floor, hardly able to cross the threshold from one room to another. By this time Mrs. Martini was wearing gloves when she played with them.

After what was probably the most unique three months in the life of any tiger, the three cubs were moved by car to the zoo, amid crowds of gaping children and grown-ups and much posing for news photographs. Mrs. Martini continued to visit her wards in their home for some time, now wearing heavy boots and gloves and leather trousers. And by the time the film was completed, it was time also to stop the friendly games and wrestling between the five-foot, 100-pound Mrs. Martini and the three tigers. She no longer visits them in their cage.

"Stars in Stripes" makes the most of its ten minutes in telling this unusual story. The photography is first rate, not at all amateurish. The tigers are fascinating to watch, and Mrs. Martini is prettier by far than she needed to be in order to hold an audience's attention. The film is well organized, and an adventure that few of us are likely to experience first hand. See it if you can.

LIFE ON THE WESTERN MARSHES

Produced by the National Film Board of Canada and available from its New York office at 1270 Avenue of the Americas, New York 20, N. Y. (13 min., color.)

Most of this film is concerned with the work of Ducks Unlimited in preserving wild fowl in Northern Canada. The thousands of broods of ducks and geese which settle in Canada each summer have been dying out because of floods, dried-up marshes, and stagnant water. With only three out of ten new-born fowl surviving, it was necessary to start special construction projects in the marshlands to make it possible for the birds to live and multiply.

Other Canadian animals needing similar protection are shown in the last part of the film,—the moose, beaver, musquash, and cedar waxwing. There is a natural kind of charm in this film, and the color photography is excellent.

THE ADVENTURES OF CHICO

Produced and directed by Stacey and Horace Woodard. Distributed by Pictorial Films, 625 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Rental prints available from leading commercial and educational film libraries. (65 min.)

In the ten or twelve years since this film was made, there probably hasn't been one audience that didn't think it ranked with the best they ever saw. It is a simple story of a Mexican boy's adventures with the animals that inhabit the land he lives in. There are some strange types among them, but except for a not very convincing encounter with a deadly rattler, Chico has a way with them all.

This is a feature-length film, just the right length for a party of youngsters or their parents. Language teachers may be interested in knowing that the film is also available with a Spanish sound-track.

—CECILE STARR.

For information about the purchase or rental of any films, please write to Film Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.

"A great story—
A rich study in characters . . . told with humor and gusto."*

THE Blue Field

by John Moore

"The virtues of that hearty, obstinate determination to toe no line one has not drawn oneself is illustrated in THE BLUE FIELD by the great character of William Hart. To anyone who would understand the odd business of English country people in conflict with the 'high-ups' in London THE BLUE FIELD is highly recommended; to others it is an entrancing picture of the English landscape and the English country people."—*R. Ellis Roberts, *Saturday Review of Literature*

"The charm of Mr. Moore's book lies in the eagerness, vitality and literary skill with which he sets down his words. His chapters are written with such good humored zest and buoyancy that this reviewer has not been able to discover a dull line . . . Mr. Moore clearly had a good time writing this book and there are few who will not have an equally good time reading it."—Mary Ellen Chase, *N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review*

"Life and gusto are the chief elements of which THE BLUE FIELD consists."
—*N. Y. Times Book Review*

"Mr. Moore has a whimsical wit and an abiding affection for the people of his town and between the two he compounds a savory literary dish. You get some warm, vivid scenes revolving around the village pub."
—*Chicago Tribune*

At all bookstores
$3.00
WHITTLESEY HOUSE
A Division of the McGraw-Hill Book Co., N. Y. 18

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from page 14)

very American in their generosity. Their incomes derived from a best seller (written by Margaret Peel under a nom de plume) and a series of cook books (written by Sarah Bly), they are still humble before what they consider to be potential literary genius. But they are not the only ones who learn a great deal, and whose lives are changed by the summer at "Rest and Be Thankful." Romance, feuds, and intrigue impede the literary output; it is a season of discovery for all, of laughter for the wranglers, learning for the literati. A good many neuroses, fads, poses, and theories have been shed when the Easterners finally set their faces toward home.

Miss MacInnes might easily have turned this novel into a profound commentary on intellectual America, or a devastating satire on the meeting of East and West. Instead she has chosen to be cosy, good-tempered, and affectionate in this, her first look at Americans on their native heath. "Rest and Be Thankful" may be superficial, but its author's deft pen has kept it entertaining from first to last.

Bronte-like Maine

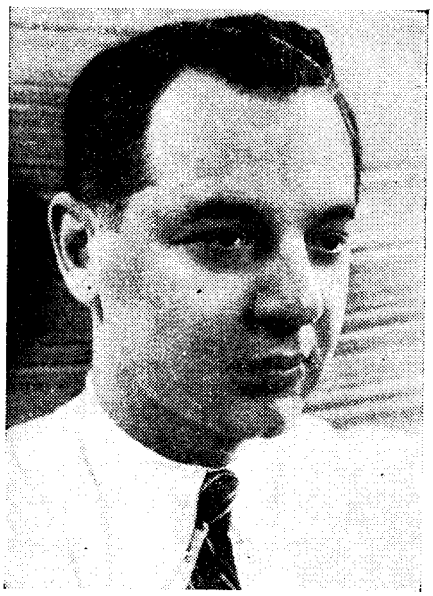
ROWAN HEAD. By Elisabeth Ogilvie. New York: Whittlesey House. 301 *pp.* $3.

By Henry Beston

EVERY once in a while, along the coast of Maine, one may see a fine, old-fashioned white house standing by itself on some peninsula with a deepwater cove lying handy by, and fields all about, and before the door the great trees it has taken a century to rear. Such houses have their social history. They are the houses of the shipbuilding families of our Yankee age, their walls having been raised when Maine was building ships of her white oak and pine, and American sailors were sailing them across all the seven seas. Today one comes upon them now well preserved and dwelt in by descendants of the original builders who "have hung on to their money," now deserted and run down and the land neglected or sold into country building lots. A third alternative is not unusual. This is to find descendants of the builders keeping the place up and proudly and grimly hanging on, the sons of the family sleeping in fine rooms and mahogany fourpost beds and working by day in garages and other local enterprises.

—*Vandamm Studio.*

Helen MacInnes—"temerity."



—*Lotte Jacobi.*

Mitchell Wilson—"anger."

Elisabeth Ogilvie—"skill."

Little do they know of New England who do not realize that the soul of it is its intense, austere, and unrepented pride.

It is such a family that Elisabeth Ogilvie now paints for us, having left her outer islands for the less primitive problems of life ashore. The old house rises before us, emotionally ruling the inheritors with its beauty and its proud traditions. Miss Ogilvie not only knows her world but has the distinguished skill necessary to render its strange atmosphere of tension and poignancy. The action of the narrative concerns a fierce struggle beneath the roof, a mordant struggle between brothers, the elder, Barth, being temperamentally the rather grim son of the spirit of place and the family tradition, and the next in line, Giles, being a vital and good-looking *mauvais sujet*, with overtones of the genuine blackguard. An old, completely mad mother and a kind of ghost of an artist younger son (who nevertheless resolves the crisis of the action) move in the background of the tension, whilst the heroine is a young woman come to the house to take care of the mother.

It is long since American writing has had so Brontë-like a novel. This romance is one with "Jane Eyre" and "Wuthering Heights," and, like its predecessors, displays the same power to keep the drama in full suspense. The life within the house, moreover, and the life outside it are both presented with a realism which is only heightened by the romantic qualities of the plot. The scenes between the brothers are particularly well done. Elisabeth Oglivie has given us another most interesting study of our world.

Scientists Are People

LIVE WITH LIGHTNING. By Mitchell Wilson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 404 *pp.* $3.

By Don Hollenbeck

DURING the past few years, we have been made very much aware of a group of citizens who have lived and worked among us for a long time without our knowing much about them. They are the scientists: brilliant, retiring, and self-centered men, tolerated by society for many years as rather impractical and absent-minded persons who would be at a complete loss if they tried to do anything so down-to-earth as drive a nail. But with the explosions of radiant energy over Hiroshima and Nagasaki, we were made very much aware of the scientist, aware too that from his laboratory is now coming the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

power that will change the face of the globe for better or worse and will mean for us the beginning or ending of life. We do indeed live with lightning; the world's sultry atmosphere seems charged with that thundery emanation that comes with summer storms.

But if we are only too keenly aware that there are now scientists in our lives, we still haven't been able to find out much about them as people. Retiring as they are, their own lives are passed almost in cloisters, and they seldom emerge to be seen in the round. Mitchell Wilson has brought the scientist-hero of his novel out into the open; he has followed Erik Gorin from college days in the physics laboratory through early struggles for money and recognition—there was never a lot of money, although Erik Gorin might have had it if he wanted it. He was a smart scientist: had he been willing to make some compromises, he might have had any job he wanted in industry or education. But that is the point of Mitchell Wilson's story: Erik Gorin was often tempted, often almost made the compromise, but in the end, he found it this way:

> To Erik, a man was nothing unless he cared deeply and positively, unless this devotion to what he did was the supreme loyalty in his life. He allowed room for every other emotion—for love, for pride, for need of affection, even for vanity; but all these were subordinate.

The supreme loyalty in the life of Erik Gorin was free research, and the theme of "Live with Lightning" is explicit in his angry words near the book's end—he's been in Washington, as a number of real life scientists have, to their cost. He says:

> It's damned obvious to me that from this point on, every lab in the country is going to be put under pressure by the same people who have deliberately confused the bomb with atomic energy. Money is going to flow like water and the labs are going to be asked very nicely to work for the military, but eventually there'd be an end to free research. It's in those labs that the fight has to go on, and someone's got to be there to fight back.

This is a good novel because it makes people out of scientists; it lets us know that scientists are not all cold intellect, and that they must with even greater responsibility meet and solve the problems that today are piling up like thunderheads, with the hour-to-hour sensation of living with the lightning that may strike at any moment and leave nothing but charred ruins behind.

Empty Little Souls

THE ROAD TO THE CITY. By Natalia Ginzburg. New York: Doubleday & Co. 215 pp. $2.50.

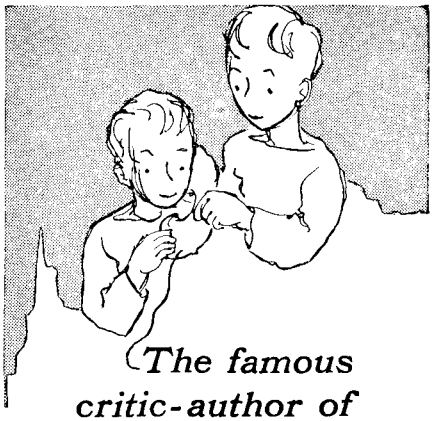
By Ann F. Wolfe

THE two novelettes that make up this little book are sicklied o'er with the Chekhovian cast of a sense of the futility of daily living. In each story a wife recounts the history of her courtship and marriage. Both tales are laid in Italy, where Natalia Ginzburg has won recognition as a

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
BELOW SUSPICION *John Dickson Carr* (Harper: $2.50)	Wave of related but inexplicable English poisonings "solved" by Irish lawyer with Dr. Fell manipulating most of wires.	Adroit combination of murder and witchcraft with some startling scenes, baffling puzzle, and much sinister atmosphere.	Tops
BEST DETECTIVE STORIES OF THE YEAR: 1949 *Editor: David C. Cooke* (Dutton: $2.50)	Assorted crimes, ditto detectives, mostly domestic vintage, with brace of Britishers setting pace for ten other entrants.	Tasty sampling of magazine stories of past year. Some good puzzles and attractive detectives—and one sizzler: "The Black Door."	Up to standard
THE DARK LIGHT *Bart Spicer* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	Disappearance of pastor of mission church concerns some parishioners; others evade issue when Det. Wilde asks questions and probes odd case.	Current "Red Badge" prize winner up to snuff in action, characters, background, and writing — although plot is not entirely opaque.	Good hunting



The famous critic-author of SEEING THINGS exposes the parental side of his nature

JOHN MASON BROWN'S

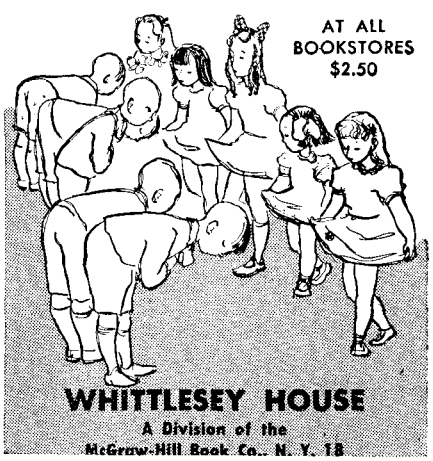
Morning Faces

A BOOK OF CHILDREN AND PARENTS

Anyone who has read one of Mr. Brown's rare and choice columns on children in the *Saturday Review's* "Seeing Things" will know the charm, affection and downright delight with which he discusses his favorite subject — children. Out of his further pursuit of this favorite subject comes a book which will warm the heart of anyone who has tried to predict what an offspring might be up to next.

The perfect gift for every parent

Delightfully illustrated by SUSANNE SUBA



AT ALL BOOKSTORES $2.50

WHITTLESEY HOUSE

A Division of the McGraw-Hill Book Co., N. Y. 18

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

story-teller. Frances Frenaye did the excellent translation.

"The Dry Heart" is much the more noteworthy of the two novelettes. Opening starkly with the murder of the husband at his wife's hands, the narrative reviews the accumulation of wretchedness that built up to the shooting. The heroine's existence as a provincial schoolteacher had been dreary and purposeless until she fell in love with Alberto, an enigmatic little man almost twice her age. Their marriage, doomed from the start to be inharmonious and—worse—utterly dull, was rendered unbearable by Alberto's devotion to his mistress. He did, it is true, show his wife a measure of kindness and consideration after the death of their child. Inevitably, however, he returned to his evasive, selfish way of life. As he was about to set out on one of his mysterious journeys, the frustrated, lonely wife shot him.

In the title story a seventeen-year-old country girl, though in love with her cousin Nini, maneuvers the doctor's son into a shotgun wedding and a city apartment. To the sordid, cheap young schemer the marriage brings social and financial advantages. To the deserted Nini it brings ruin.

Miss Ginzburg is artist enough to put her protagonists through their petty paces without attempting to enlist for them the reader's sympathy. The schoolteacher and the ignorant country girl are alike trapped in the vacuum of their empty little souls. Each, on an infinitesimal scale, is destined to torment and be tormented. Each, in her own bleak fashion, is committed to the fate inherent in her own stupidity.

Yet, perhaps because of his impatience, the American reader remains an incurable do-gooder. He feels that there must be something that will help Miss Ginzburg's heroines—a psychiatrist, a hobby, a bland diet, maybe Dorothy Dix. Certainly a sense of humor would fill in some of the psychic void.

Divine Will in a Stone

MANY DIMENSIONS. By Charles Williams. New York: Pellegrini & Cudahy. 308 pp. $3.

By RICHARD MCLAUGHLIN

IT IS difficult to believe that only one year ago Charles Williams was almost unknown on both sides of the Atlantic, except for a coterie of the literati headed by T. S. Eliot and W. H. Auden. Now the situation is practically reversed. Readers are forever exclaiming to neighbors about their wonderful discovery of Williams's delightfully macabre novels; national weeklies have sought to disinter his genius with the broadest salvos. *Time*, for example, has already hailed him as "one of the most gifted and influential Christian writers England has produced this century." And meanwhile, to add a note of irony to the picture, the man who would have most enjoyed this late recognition cannot be with us. Charles Williams died in obscurity, in England, in 1945.

"Many Dimensions," like the previous two novels published this past year, "All Hallow's Eve" and "Descent Into Hell," is a modern parable of good and evil; and this is not meant, as anyone familiar with Charles Williams's penetrating insight into the spiritual world knows, in any loose sense of the term. Williams has already suggested in his earlier work "The Place of the Lion," not yet available in this country, that his morality is not the conventional kind most of us know, but is the morality of the Gospels. In his latest novel, which deals with an ancient stone bearing the letters of the Tetragrammaton, he assembles an odd assortment of good, evil, weak, and indifferent people. All of whom may very possibly be symbols of the conflicting forces at large in the world today, and who are decidedly the participants in an effective dramatization of those words from our Lord's Prayer "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

A stone belonging to the Crown of Suleiman ben Daood, King of Jerusalem, has magical or divine powers which can heal or destroy mankind. After centuries spent in the possession of fanatical Eastern worshippers, who sensed its divine origins and foreswore using its light, the stone suddenly falls into the hands of a famous archeologist, Sir Giles Tumulty, in whose malevolent, scientific mind is hatched the scheme of controlling the minds of other men through it. Eventually other unscrupulous people join Sir Giles in his terrible experiments. An American millionaire and his grasping wife see it as a threat to their airways transportation industry and seek to control it, for the stone has the power to move in space, in time, and thought. Soon the ancient stone becomes the center of a fierce struggle between Sir Giles, his wilful accomplices, and those who dare to embrace its divine image, Lord Arglay, Chief Justice of England, and his attractive, devoted young secretary, Chloe Burnett. The latter two are constantly in danger of their lives as a result, since those who would exploit the stone will stop at nothing, not even murder, to achieve their ends.

One of the mysterious qualities of this ancient relic is its dimensions. It can be multiplied, its likeness assuming the same identical shape as the original, its powers never decreasing or changing no matter how many times it is reproduced. Panic starts when the secret of the stone's existence is made known throughout England. One of the types of the stone accidentally shows up in a little country town, causing a series of miracles —to the embarrassment of the Government and the consternation of its corrupt exploiters. Goodness does not triumph over evil until a supreme sacrifice has been made, until the human will finally submits itself to the divine will in the stone and a young woman's soul goes forth to join the blinding light of divine creation. But even this does not come about until, Charles Williams reminds us, the process of "organic law" has been observed. Violence, murder, sickness, disillusionment, and death are all retributions dealt out in varying degrees to those who would have used the stone for their own selfish purposes.

Here again is the remarkably finished work of a man who never neglects his role of story-teller to thrust his own exhaustive knowledge of necromancy and intimacy with the supernatural on his readers. One quality blends so happily with the other, his sermon with his plot, that it is not until the reader has laid aside Mr. Williams's thriller, long after his spine has ceased to tingle, that he fully grasps how disturbing are the things that have been said. With the exception of a weak ending to this spiritual cops-and-robbers adventure, "Many Dimensions" is Williams in his best vein. Also the novel is extremely witty. In fact, some of the satirical touches and ironic comments on modern-day morals and men make it all the more unique to learn that such a profound mystic and Christian prophet is the persuasive teller of this tale. This is apparently the distinctive feature about all of Charles Williams's works—they are never deadly serious, never once didactic; but always intensely alive, capable of affecting the heart as well as the mind. And to those of us who are born skeptics, these novels delight us for the way they so beautifully fill the gap left by our boyhood reading tastes for pulps like *Weird Tales* and *Fantastic Adventures* and, at the same time, answer all our requirements of creative writing.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW EDITIONS

EVERYONE who knows Elie Halévy's "History of the English People in the Nineteenth Century" will be glad to learn that Peter Smith is bringing out a new edition of this great work, which is at once matchless and invaluable in its field. Few historians have ever had Halévy's ability to marshal multitudinous details in the service of large views, or his gift of presenting even the driest statistics in such fashion as constantly to engage the reader's interest. He is both comprehensive and precise, a master of generalization and a tireless collector of individual facts. Then, too, he commands a style—competently dealt with by his translators—which is easy, flexible, various, and remarkably well suited to the conveyance of information. If this sounds as if I were describing an ideal historian, all I can say is that Halévy is very nearly ideal.

In the first of his six volumes, "England in 1815" ($6)—which is the only one as yet issued in this country—he describes the state of England as she was at the close of the Napoleonic Wars and at the beginning of her century of greatest material prosperity. Government, army, navy, industry, labor, finance, trade, agriculture, religion, science, literature, arts—all these, as they existed in England at the time of Waterloo—are surveyed, described, analyzed, and interpreted. England's place in the world is defined in terms of her civilization, and the seeds of her future are seen in her institutions, beliefs, and practices. Reading Halévy we recognize the advantageous elements and circumstances which made England a great power during the nineteenth century, while at the same time we are forced to realize that those elements and circumstances are now largely lost to her, and irrecoverable, no matter how many austerity measures her statesmen may devise or how many sacrifices her courageous people may make. Indeed, if we would understand Britain's present plight, we can do no better than to accompany a fit guide back to the England of 1815—and Elie Halévy's fitness is unexcelled.

Among other new editions on the Peter Smith list there are three that interest me particularly: "Paradise Lost in Our Time" ($2.50), by Douglas Bush; "Chance, Love, and Logic" ($4.50), by Charles S. Peirce; and "A Dictionary of the Characters and Proper Names in the Works of Shakespeare" ($6.75), by Francis Griffin Stokes. Mr. Bush, whose excellent "Portable Milton" was recently mentioned here, directs the slings and arrows of his wit and learning against the anti-Miltonists—such as Eliot and Leavis—and does them considerable damage by demonstrating the shallowness of their scholarship, the blindness of their prejudices, their "unwillingness or incapacity to understand the methods of classical art," and their refusal to view Milton in relation to the religious and philosophical matrix from which he sprang. In the course of four lectures Mr. Bush illumines the religious and ethical principles which underlie Milton's great poems, demolishes the romantic view of Satan as hero, and makes out a good case against critics who are insensible to the subtleties of Milton's poetical texture. The Peirce volume brings us into stimulating contact with a powerfully original mind, to which justice is at last being done, long after its ideas have flowed into the life-stream of much contemporary philosophy, both realistic and idealistic. As for the Shakespeare dictionary, it is described by its title. Seek in it and ye shall find—an explanation of every proper name, great and small, of the Shakespearean canon, from Aaron who was beloved of Tamora to Zentippe, or Xantippe, the shrew of Socrates. This is a valuable reference work and a fine book for random reading.

An oddity on the Peter Smith list is a lithoprint reproduction of the unique copy of the one and only issue of Rafinesque's "Western Minerva, or American Annals of Knowledge and Literature," printed at Lexington, Kentucky—"the Athens of the West"—in 1821. Still other Peter Smith titles are J. A. Hobson's "Work and Wealth" ($3.50); "The Theory of Wages" ($4), by J. R. Hicks; "The Shame of the Cities" ($3.50), by Lincoln Steffens, and a symposium, "Safeguarding Civil Liberty Today" ($2.50), consisting of the Edward L. Bernays Lectures, delivered at Cornell in 1944 by Carl Becker, Max Lerner, Francis Biddle, and others. From all of which it should be obvious that the Peter Smith list is well worth any reader's attention.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Manchester Guardian Weekly

At our risk, we invite you to read the next four weekly air editions of the much-quoted *Manchester Guardian*. For 128 years, the *Guardian* has put intellectual honesty above mere circulation, truth above financial gain. It is fearless, independent, outspoken—and read by the great opinion-makers of the greatest nations.

This Free Examination Offer brings you the Air Edition of the *Guardian* that arrives in New York the day after it appears on London newsstands. This is *not* a special American edition, but the famous *Manchester Guardian* itself. You will like its lucid style, its foreign correspondence by men like Alistair Cooke in the United States, its special features and book reviews. You will like its courageous thinking, its refusal to succumb to mob hysteria.

"The *Guardian* is far more important than its circulation indicates—it is known and read throughout the world." (*N. Y. Times*) "Unquestionably, one of the world's half-dozen great newspapers." (*Time Magazine*)

READ 4 ISSUES AT OUR RISK! Mail coupon with $2 for next 16 issues, or $7.50 for one year. Money refunded in full after 4 weeks if not delighted.

THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN, 04
53 East 51 Street, New York 22, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription, as checked below. If not satisfied after seeing 4 issues, I may cancel and get a full refund. My payment is enclosed.

☐ One year, $7.50 ☐ 16 weeks, $2

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

A novel about the men who travel a strange side-road of human behavior.

THE gay year

A novel by MICHAEL DeFORREST

$3.00 at all bookstores,

WOODFORD PRESS, 40 E. 23 St. N. Y. 10.

The exciting new book about MAHATMA GANDHI by

VINCENT SHEEAN

Lead, Kindly Light

$3.75, RANDOM HOUSE

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Phoenix Nest

LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES

(Provence)

NOW is the day like a cup of Venetian crystal,
brimming with light distilled and fine,
like an old rare wine;
now is the grapevine hung in rust and golden,
like a tattered arras left from olden days, and against the wall of the garden stands,
pondering the autumn scene,
a jongleur, lately home from foreign lands—
the poplar, wrapped in motley of yellow and green.

Yonder the grove of beech and oak, a pavilion
wherein sits apart,
secluded in hanging of gold and vermilion,
the Lady Autumn, who stares on an ivory parchment
scriven over with words that are small cold knives
in her heart.

Down the valley a trumpet flings out a sudden bloom
of sound that tells where the wind gallops,
splendid in silver armor and scarlet plume.

Beyond the ruined chateaux the sunset flames in burning rose
over apple-green; flames and fades and finally dies
in steely-grey. The jongleur stirs in his threadbare cloak
and sighs.

By the garden path, numb and alone,
the small spider creeps
on the chilly stone.

—DOLORES CAIRNS.

* * *

ADOLESCENT MOMENT

There was September in the room. The boy lay across his bed and felt it wrap him in slow sunlight and drooping leaves and dust. City dust. With warm asphalt in it and dry earth and something that was a street of houses in a big city and that was all it was.

Time was suspended in the golden motes that drifted by the window. The air was heavy with time. Outside in yesterday there was lake and the sharp smell of pine needles and the sizzling of campfire steak. Outside in tomorrow there was the race to school and a football between the goal posts. But today swung in golden motes to and fro, to and fro, up and down. It was like the beginning of sleep or the beginning of awakening.

He turned on his side and for the first time heard consciously the children shouting in the street below. At first the cries seemed slow and far and with no weight in them. Then they sharpened and became clear, like a hard shining stone. Like a stone pressing against his heart. There was no use stretching out his hand; time was on the move again. It was going past him like dust; like city dust with the cry of children in it. Something was lost, something had not yet come. There was an emptiness inside him, but the stone was there too. What had he possessed which was gone? What had he known and forgotten?

He sprang suddenly from his bed and opened the door into the hall.

"Guess I must be hungry," he muttered impatiently as he went through it and down the stairs.

But he knew it wasn't that.

—GILEAN DOUGLAS.

* * *

THE CRITICAL NEW ISM

The last cohesion atrophies, the state
Of nature over turns; we face the fact
Of fictions bypassed, although left intact.
The oiled machinery breaks of its own weight
And leaves us anxious with our useless books
Of logic. Like the vain agility
Of watches timing probability,
We narrow focus, fish for grace with hooks
In poisonous seas that rot our dreadful barque:
We voyage with a most outlandish gear—
Our hope is to desire what we fear,
The tactic is a leap into the dark:
To blot the horror, pray, forget our shames—
We've come to Belsen armed with Henry James.

—CLELLON HOLMES.

* * *

"Chinese Love Songs (Famous Poems from the Time of Confucius to the Present)" is a little book of English verse renderings by the wife of a distinguished inventor, Mable Lorenz Ives. The book sells for a dollar and is published by B. L. Hutchinson, 7 Glenwood Road, Upper Montclair, N. J. The poems translated cover twenty-six centuries. Chih Meng, of the China Institute of America, writes a prefatory note, and the little essay at the end of the book is a useful pendant to the text. I mention the book here as it may easily escape the average reader as the fall books pour from the presses.

* * *

A plan to purchase and preserve Walt Whitman's birthplace is being circulated by a committee for which I am one of the sponsors. You can pledge any amount you wish to contribute by writing to Cleveland Rodgers, chairman of the committee, 80-32 Grenfell St., Kew Gardens, Jamaica 15, N. Y.

* * *

Grace Cottage Hospital has opened in Townshead, Vt., with two rooms furnished in the name of Genevieve Taggard. This small hospital, serving the people of the West River Valley, arises from the initiative and energy of Dr. Carlos G. Otis who was Genevieve Taggard's good friend and physician in her last illness. The project had her enthusiastic support. Under the direction of Dr. Otis, with a staff of registered nurses aided by volunteer workers, the hospital is intended mainly for obstetrical cases and general diagnosis, but will care for emergency accidents and such other cases as facilities permit. When completed it will have twenty-five beds. A group of friends and former students of the poet pledged the furnishing of two rooms in her name. The urgent call for immediate operation required purchase and installation of equipment without waiting for the necessary donations. Those who wish to join in this undertaking may send checks—large or small—to Mrs. Ruth P. Butler, treasurer, Genevieve Taggard Memorial Fund, East Jamaica, Vt.

—WILLAM ROSE BENÉT.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 807)

G. B. SHAW:
SIXTEEN SELF-SKETCHES

The vital difference between reading and experience is not measurable by examination marks. . . . On the strength of that difference I claim arrogantly to be one of the best-educated men in the world. . . . At ninety-two I am still learning.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special, intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence. Rates: 30¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions—52 times 22¢ a word; 26 times 24¢ a word; 13 times 26¢ a word; 6 times 28¢ a word. Full payment must be received fifteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

BOOK PLATES

FREE CATALOGUE. Several hundred beautiful designs, address "BOOKPLATES," Yellow Springs, Ohio.

FRENCH BOOKS

LIBRARIE LIPTON. The French Book House, 791 Lexington Ave., NYC 21. Formerly 4 Place de l'Odeon, Paris. Dealer in French books exclusively; all subjects bought and sold.

THE FRENCH BOOK SHOP, 556 Madison Ave., New York's only French bookshop where French books ONLY are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogue 30¢. Books bought.

OUT-OF-PRINT

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free 30-page catalogue. We buy books. Send list. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Mich.

BOOKFINDERS! Scarce, unusual books quickly supplied, send wants. CLIFTONS, Box 1377, Beverly Hills, Calif.

REGISTER YOUR OUT-OF-PRINT BOOK WANTS with me for efficient, inexpensive service. NATHAN SIMONS, 3440 Gates Place, NYC 67.

OUT-OF-PRINT or HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS supplied. Write stating wants. No obligation. OPAL'S BOOK SERVICE, Westbury, N. Y.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS found quickly. Send wants, no obligation. COAST BOOKFINDERS. Box 8686, Los Angeles 46, Calif.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS. Established 1889. ABRAHAM'S MAGAZINE SERVICE. 56 East 13 St., NYC.

THOUSANDS OF TITLES. Geographics a specialty. Immediate quotations. BACK NUMBER WILKINS, Danvers, Mass.

NIELSEN'S BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SERVICE. Send want list. 7308 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles 46, Calif.

RECORD MART

WRITE FOR FREE bargain lists, albums and singles connoisseur lists, unusual LP records, collectors' records. Classical only. Write, or visit store daily till midnight. THE RECORD HUNTER, 1194 Lexington Ave., (81 St.) NYC 28.

HAYDN SOCIETY RECORDINGS: Seven Symphonies, (Nos. 1, 12, & 28; 31 & 34; 44 & 48) on 3 12" Long Playing, $5.95 each. ELAINE MUSIC SHOP, 9 East 44 St., NYC 17. CATALOGUE, imported, domestic recordings, 10¢ postpaid.

RARE DISCS, lists. Bought, sold. E. Hirschmann, 100 Duncan Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

RECORD LOVERS—save on all records. Write for details. Box 888-H.

GREAT SINGERS' records, available. Write or visit RECORD COLLECTORS' SERVICE, 502 East 88 St., NYC 28. REgent 7-7611.

LANGUAGES

FRENCH conversation, diction, grammar. Expert training by Parisienne (Sorbonne University) NYC. REgent 7-4606.

BOOKS

SAVE TO 90%. New Books. Free 24-kt. gold personal name imprinted. Free catalogues. OBERSTEIN, 545 Fifth Ave., NYC

GOOD USED BOOKS, 50¢; $1, none higher. Remarkable values; postal brings lists. EDITIONS, Hempstead, N. Y.

3000 SCARCE BOOKS ON HAND. If the one you want is not on hand, I'll find it for you. DELLA MONTGOMERY, R. No. 6, Box 53 B, South Bend, Ind.

CLASSIFIED

BOOKS

NEW AND SECOND-HAND BOOKS in or out of print. If it's a book we may have it. MENDOZA'S, 15 Ann St. Oldest old book shop in NYC.

BOOKS ON THE EAST: China, Japan, Siam, Burma, Malaya, India, Central Asia, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, the South Seas. We are now working on Catalogue 133—all Asia. Established 1920. ORIENTALIA, Inc., 11 East 12 St., NYC 3.

PYETELL'S BOOK SHOP—Mt. Vernon, N. Y. Books for sale—Catalogue available. 1. Americana (488 titles), 2. Fiction (1,600 titles). 3. Medicine—aviation—music, etc. 4. Sociology & History. 5. Literature (533 titles). Art (Fine & Applied).

DAUBER & PINE BOOKSHOPS, Fifth Ave., near 12 St., NYC. Visit our going, going, gone department. Book bargains galore at $1.47; 98¢; 68¢; 49¢; 24¢.

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free. TRUTH SEEKER CO., 38 Park Row, NYC 8.

WORLD'S OUTSTANDING AUTHORS in French, Spanish, Italian and German, as well as English. Advantages of membership include free books and liberal discounts. Write for details today. OCCIDENTAL BOOK CLUB, INC. Dept. S-3, Massapequa, N. Y.

THIEME-BECKER KUENSTLERLEXIKON for sale. New, complete set, 36 volumes. Highest offer accepted. Box A-191.

FDROOSEVELTIANA bought, sold. Catalogues. JOHN VALENTINE, 1556 Pueblo Drive, Glendale, Calif.

REQUEST CATALOGUE offering good values. New, old books, first editions furnished. STONE BOOK, 851 Stone Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

RECOMMENDED: CYCLE COMPLETED AND OTHER POEMS by George Kayton, $2. STORYBOOK PRESS, Dallas 10, Tex.

BOOKS FROM BRITAIN. Literature, drama, first editions, private presses, color plate books, fiction, biography, occult etc. Rare or out-of-print books our specialty. On approval. Catalogues free. Correspondence invited. RAYMOND TRANSFIELD, Broadway, Worcester, Eng.

LITERARY SERVICES

STYLE IMPROVING, evaluation, research, translation, MSS typing, secretarial services. Minimum cost. Recommended, leading authors. SARA CLYNE, 49 West 56 St., NYC. CIrcle 5-4262.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Superior work done quickly and reasonably. MURIEL KNAPP, 10 East 40 St., NYC. MUrray Hill 4-6146.

PROFITABLE BOOK PUBLICATION on even the limited sale of your book is possible. Details in our free copy of "We Can Publish Your Book," Dept. 93, EXPOSITION PRESS, 251 Fourth Ave., NYC 10.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent, books, stories, novels, plays, screen, all languages marketed. 19 West 44 St., NYC 18.

MANUSCRIPT EVALUATION, editing, rewriting, collaboration. Wide experience. MARIE H. DOYLE, 341 Madison Ave., NYC 17. MUrray Hill 6-7096.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: Intelligent, prompt, inexpensive. AMBASSADOR OFFICE SERVICE, 17 East 48 St., NYC. PLaza 3-1364.

TWENTY-THREE IMPORTANT SERVICES for all writers available to members. Write for information. NATIONAL WRITERS' CLUB, Denver 2, Colo.

STORIES, NOVELS, ARTICLES, BOOKS MARKETED. Highly recommended for publication of fiction and non-fiction. Editorially recognized advice, recommendations, editing for revision, sales, publication. Unestablished writers assisted. Information available before sending manuscripts. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 33 West 42 St., NYC 18.

LITERARY PROBLEM? Sincere and friendly cooperation offered the professional or promising amateur. Literary services as well as conscientious sales attention. Write today for FREE booklet "Your Roads to Writing SUCCESS," DANIEL S. MEAD LITERARY AGENCY, 419 Fourth Ave., Dept. SR, NYC 16.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED, CORRECTED. Intelligent handling. Prompt, courteous service. GLADYS LEAHEY, 551 Fifth Ave., NYC (Rm. 2214). MUrray Hill 7-2227.

WE PUBLISH, print and distribute your manuscript in pamphlet or book form. Send for free folder. WILLIAM FREDERICK PRESS Pamphlet Distributing Company, 313 West 33 St., NYC.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED EXPERTLY. Intelligent, prompt service. ALBERT WRITERS' SERVICE, NYC. SPring 7-6867.

LITERARY AGENTS 29 Years. We sell short stories, articles, books, radio scripts, plays, verse. Constructive criticism for new writers. Personal representation for established authors. Editing, revision. Write for information, references. ANITA DIAMANT, The Writers' Workshop, Inc., 280 Madison Ave., NYC 16.

GHOST WRITING ARTICLES, THESES, books, speeches, revision. NEIL FARBER ASSOCIATES, 1471 Broadway, Room 925, NYC 18.

CLASSIFIED

LITERARY SERVICES

AUTHOR, novels, stories, having herself suffered embarrassments of beginning, gives constructive, honest, sympathetic advice on MSS. Reasonable fee. MARY MAIN, 76 Charles St., NYC 14. GRamercy 5-1685.

EXTRAORDINARY OPPORTUNITY for new writers. Editor invites limited group of authors for informal evenings at her home on writing and selling profitably. FREE details. AUTHORS' AND PUBLISHERS' SERVICE, Dept. 4, 24-25 77 St., Jackson Heights, N. Y.

AUTHORS' SALVATION! Manuscripts prepared with "know how." Presentation is important! STILLMAN ASSOCIATES, 215 East 73 St., NYC.

MANUSCRIPTS and TECHNICAL ARTICLES typed from your recordings. ELISABETH J. RUBINO, NYC. MUrray Hill 7-7950. Evenings, NEwtown 9-1387.

PERSONALS

LOVE & DEATH, by G. Legman. A study in censorship: murder-mysteries, comic books, bitch-heroines, attacks on women. NOW READY. 96 pages, $1. BREAKING POINT. 858 Hornaday Pace, NYC 60.

LONELY? BORED? Here's many days' entertainment. World's largest Crossword Puzzle. 3424 definitions. 25¢ postpaid. Kroch's, 206 N. Michigan, Chicago.

SRL COVER ARTIST and wife need small unfurnished house within 75 miles NYC in suitably inspiring locale. Must be convenient to station (no car). Moderate rental. Box 19-K.

BRITISH MAGAZINES, newspapers and technical journals. "Direct from London to your address." Write for our new catalogue listing over 1,000 British periodicals, priced in American currency. BRITISH PUBLICATIONS, Inc., 150 East 35 St., NYC 16.

LEARN TO WRITE! Successful editor and publisher will show you how to write for publication and profit. YOU CAN WRITE professionally if you have the basic rules, essential principles. You don't have to spend big money. Send only $2 for complete instruction folder. Nothing more to pay. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. AUTHORS' BUREAU, Dept. C, 527 Fifth Ave., NYC 17.

YOUNG LADY wishes private lessons in typing and French. Reasonable fee. Thursdays, NYC. Box A-239.

SINCERE YOUNG MAN, slightly physically handicapped, now writing a book in leisure time, desires correspondence with an interesting, sincere, refined, slightly physically handicapped girl. Box 18-K.

MATURE GENTLEMAN, well-bred, well-educated, interested in hearing from woman, same description. Box A-119.

PIPE-SMOKER: Let's correspond. Conditions—mature gentleman yet adventurous spirit. Box A-202.

AMANUENSIS for business and professional men who occasionally write speeches, papers. Let me be your researcher, sounding board, secretary, editor. I don't ghostwrite; I assist. Dorothy Williams, NYC, WAdsworth 7-9463.

BOOK REVIEWERS, ATTENTION . . . Top prices for review copies. BARON'S BOOKSHOP, 5997 Broadway, NYC 63.

SERENE RURAL CHARM. 700 acre estate, pond, express commuting, 1½ room studio, skylight, fireplace, attractively furnished, $55 monthly. Also 1½ room apartment, $65; 3 months minimum. Box A-205.

YOUNG MAN in successful business, fed up with the mundane, seeks correspondence with lady interested in theatre and music. Box A-200.

RESEARCH AND SPEECH ENTHUSIAST, essayist, bibliophile, gratefully welcomes encouragement of equivalent womanly aptitudes. Box A-212.

COMPANION WANTED, this winter for month flying trip to Peruvian ruins and to do some mountain climbing in southern Chile. Box A-238.

ARCHITECT NEEDS ASSISTANT! Young, pleasant, responsible, ambitious architectural graduate, who likes country living and can do work on modern schools and houses to classical music. Richard D. Butterfield, Perkinsville, Vt.

HONOR AMONG COOKS by Mary B. Spahr, M.D. gives the proud possessor superfine and proven ideas for using what is in the larder, and the Friends Service Committee its royalties for the world's hungry children. Copies, $2 each postpaid from CURRANT HOUSE, Ithaca, N. Y.

WASHINGTON LETTER. Why pay $100 to $250 a year for sterotyped Washington letter? Receive a PERSONAL letter answering all your own queries about the city, its personalities, its agencies by an expert. Send $2 to Box A-213.

AN UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY for profit for speculative builder or those who would finance one, in building houses in the finest section of one of Florida's fastest growing cities where demand is still great. Have a large number of beautiful home sites, will sell or participate. Box A-214.

(Continued on page 42)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

(Continued from page 41)

PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMAN seeks adventure via stimulating correspondence from congenial miss. Box A-215.

NEW GRADUATE, female, seeks interesting employment. No talents, but helpful. Box A-216.

MATURE, versatile, easy-going gent invites ladies exchange informal letters. Box A-217.

WINTER RENTAL: furnished, 3 rooms, bath, kitchenette, electric stove, steam, White mountain village. $55. monthly. Box A-218.

JOB WANTED IN BOSTON, B.A. eastern women's college, 7 years' Spanish, typing, some shorthand, like children and people. Box A-219.

WANTED: co-auther, rewrite revisor on hetero-psychological Molieresque manuscript. Box A-221.

MIDDLE-YOUNG professional lady invites correspondence from sincere, cultured gentleman. Box A-223.

DANCER HAS COMPLETE PLANS to found school or interrelated arts. Needs funds to start work in Sept. Box A-224.

COLLEGE TEACHER, interested fine and deep sides of life, much traveled, desires correspondence with congenial, modern, refined lady. Box A-225.

ANTI-SOCIAL YOUNG FEMALE, writer of sorts, desires literate, amusing correspondence. Box A-226.

YOUNG MALE WRITER seeks position publisher's reader, editorial assistant, related work. 3 years college. Experienced, indefatigable worker. Box A-227.

LIVELY MALE, but lonesome and bored, congenial, understanding nature, welcomes correspondence from broad-minded lady, who enjoys music, sports, outdoors. Box A-228.

MATURE WOMAN, likeable, good background, educated, desires correspondence from mature gentleman. Box A-229.

HANDICAPPED VETERAN (female) wishes to correspond with other veterans, disabled or hospitalized. Box A-230.

SUCCESSFUL LAWYER-EDITOR seeks new worlds to conquer, remuneration in 5 figures. Box A-232.

FOR SALE: 2 crocheted spreads for twin beds. Old-fashioned pattern. Box A-234.

WANTED: by English girl; correspondence with cultured gentleman, enjoying humor, music, sports, theatre. Box A-235.

REFINED, LIKEABLE MISS, varied interests, outdoors, living, fun, friendly correspondents. Box A-236.

WELCOME MASCULINE LETTER admiring Churchill, preferring Roosevelt and Will Rogers. Box A-185.

WILL CHARMING, CULTURED, adventurous female write to widely traveled, mature male, seeking stimulus, inspiration? Box A-186.

NOT JUST A JOB, mature woman to help care children, bi-lingual family. Mother temporarily absent. Country and NYC. Box A-188.

WANTED: Spanish teacher for American business man leaving for South America. Write with full description, experience. Box A-192.

CREATIVE WORK, LIMITED BUDGET? weekend retreat Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia? Cabin, Maryland woods, $25 monthly, furnished. Box A-190.

WILL SELL MY SOUL for a well paid writing job in Manhattan. Box A-193.

IDEAS WANTED for earning decent living at home. Urgent. If you've suggestions, please write Box A-196.

NYC CRITICISM AT A GLANCE. Weekly summary 30 daily, magazine reviewers on current plays, new films. Sample 25¢, $10 year. CRITICAL DIGEST, 505 Fifth Ave., NYC.

FOR RENT: nice 6 room house southern Connecticut. 2 miles from R.R. Available immediately. $90 monthly, includes water, electricity, garage space. Box A-198.

INTERESTED IN STORIES of middle-east? Sincere male invites correspondence. Box A-188.

FEMALE, professional, serious, also gay interests, would correspond with mature, educated male. Box A-199.

BORED? So am I. I'd like to hear from a young lady who feels the same way. Box A-200.

NEUROTICA, a lay-psychiatric magazine. Authoritative, uncensored, enlightening, $2 year. 4438½ Olive, St. Louis, Mo.

WANT TO DISCOVER the stimulating pleasure of creative activity? Want to paint pictures, make etchings, manufacture your own colors, have your finished painting analyzed, take up sculpture, explore the book, magazine and advertising arts, learn the how and why of lettering, layout and typography, illustrate or create fashion design? Then write for free catalogue "S," to: The Brooklyn Museum Art School, Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn 17, N. Y.

PERSONALS

FREE CATALOGUE number 28 now tantalizing nice people everywhere. Peruse this bargain list with uninhibited joi de livres. H. H. Evans, Books, 1157 Sutter St., San Francisco 9, Calif.

ATTRACTIVE, enthusiastic librarian seeks proper niche. B.S. in education. B.S. in liberal sciences. 9 years' experience school and public library work. Children's reference, assistant and head librarian. Box A-80.

CAFE-AU-LAIT or Dresden china colored Siamese kittens to own you. Finest stock. $35 up. Box A-115.

WINTER RESIDENCE for children under 12 North Carolina. Complete elementary tutoring, music, dancing, all sports. Foreign children wlecomed. Box A-87.

YOUNG MAN, pursuing Master's Degree, bright future, semi-introvert, seeks correspondence with mature female, capable instilling confidence and drive seriously lacking. Honestly sought. Box A-95.

INVITE CORRESPONDENCE from ex-"Harvard" man not leaning on this fact. Like sophisticated, silly, serious things. Box A-181.

MODEST, MODERN HOME near good public library in interesting community (anywhere) wanted by retired man and wife. Box 806-H.

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information discreetly developed. Any matter, person, problem anywhere. Worldwide. Officially licensed, bonded service. Established 1922. Reasonable. Confidential. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

HIGH SCHOOL MARM will swap brainwaves with mate correspondent. Interested in anything relating to the Human Comedy. Box 919-H.

"WHAT MADE YOU LAUGH YESTERYEAR?" 10 different issues of The New Yorker, Puck, Punch, Judge, Life from 1890 to 1935. Special group price of $10. Box 136-D.

JOB FLOUNDERING? Consult Helen Trimpe, Counselor, 342 Madison Ave., (44 St.) NYC. MUrray Hill 2-5330.

CAT-LOVERS! Send $2.75 for superb National Geographic containing colored photographs all breeds. Free cat-book list on request. Box 134-D.

CIGARETTES—Popular brands $1.51 per carton postpaid. West of Mississippi add 7¢ per carton. Minimum order 3 cartons. Send check or money order. KING COMPANY, Box 1713-C, Baltimore, Md.

IN LOVE WITH SAN FRANCISCO, graduate of eastern college and southern Law School, age 35, single, 5 years' service in the Army, wishes to live there but needs work. Any job of a permanent nature considered. Box 1069-H.

ARE YOU TOO SOPHISTICATED to recognize a real bargain? Remember the wiseacres who wouldn't pay 50¢ for a five-dollar bill sight unseen? We offer nothing like that, BUT if you want to save from 25% to 85% on NEW BOOKS better write for details without delay. Alan Gardner, BOOK READERS' CIRCLE, 80 East 11 St., NYC 3.

EASTERN NEWSPAPERMAN varied daily, feature experience, best references, wants change. Box A-98.

ERRANDS in FRANCE capably performed by Amherst graduate, best references, sailing Oct. Box A-105.

EXCEPTIONALLY DESIRABLE APARTMENT, available Oct. 1, monthly or yearly lease, private residence, main street, Vermont village. 2 single bedrooms, bath, living room, kitchenette, sunny exposures, oil heat, beautiful views. References. Write Mrs. Boyd Edwards, Arlington, Vt.

WHY DON'T YOU WRITE? Writing short stories, articles, etc., will enable you to earn extra money. In your spare time we teach you to write the way newspapermen learn . . . by writing. Free "Writing Aptitude Test" tells whether you possess the fundamental qualities essential to successful writing. Veterans! This course approved for Veterans' Training. Write today! NEWSPAPER INSTITUTE OF AMERICA, Suite 5219-P, 1 Park Ave., NYC 16.

MILLINERY — your pet hat — reblocked — remodelled. Furs—fine felts—chic originals. MISS RUTH, 66 Fifth Ave., NYC. ORegon 5-2598.

EXPERIENCED AND INEXPERIENCED WRITERS will find the best in literary advice from 33 foremost authors in WRITING FOR LOVE OR MONEY edited by Norman Cousins. Longmans, Green & Co., NYC 3.

EXPLORE EXOTIC TEA FLAVORS in the special Caravel "Taste Test" Assortment. 16 choice varieties—Blacks, Greens, Oolongs; from India, Ceylon, China, Japan. Attractive package with unique gift appeal. $2.50, postpaid. Caravel, 126 Maiden Lane, NYC.

ARE YOU A DEVOTEE OF THE THEATRE? Recall the great moments, faces, play-scenes of the past through the pages of Theatre Magazine and Stage Magazine. 1900 to date. Single issues,, $2; 5 issues all different, $9; 10 issues, all different, $17. Send for free list of theatrical books. Box 140-D.

ATTENTION BIRD WATCHERS! Know how to attract, house and study birds. For complete information read BIRDS IN YOUR BACKYARD. $3 at all bookstores or phone: MUrray Hill 3-1900, Extension 292.

PERSONALS

ARGENTINE GENTLEMAN, lost in NYC, seeks Spanish-speaking, lady secretary-interpreter to assist him. Box A-241.

YOUNGISH MOTHER with captivating year-old son, desires constructive employment in wholesome, but stimulating milieu, west coast. Mother, college graduate, wide business experience, discriminating homemaker—son utterly devastating (inseparable). Box A-242.

WILL A MATURE MAN of integrity, intellect and intrepidity, correspond with an intelligent woman? Box A-243.

GENTLEMAN WILL TEACH French, Spanish, Portuguese in exchange for conversational English. Box A-244.

TECHNICAL EDITOR (electronics, meteorology), 36, newspaper background, seeks position with California research laboratory or publisher starting Nov. 15. Box A-245.

SERIOUS vivacious, mature, gifted, home-loving young woman desires correspondence gentleman intelligent, regular, sincere, cooperative, home-loving. Box A-246.

OLDER MAN intelligent, gifted, artistic, seeks correspondence with interesting, mature female. Box A-247.

VACATIONS

GLENWOOD PLANTATION HOUSE, ancestral home of the Munsons, 70 miles west of New Orleans offers gracious hospitality, delicious cuisine, modern conveniences golf, fishing, tours to ante-bellum mansions. From $7 daily, $45 weekly, meals included. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Munson, Glenwood Plantation House, Napoleonville, La.

CAPE COD: Indian summer. Deluxe guest house, quiet, cultured atmosphere. Reduced rates. OLD COLONY HOUSE, Sandwich, Mass.

VACATION IN 1740 MANSION on Maryland's eastern shore. Swimming, fishing, excellent home cooking. Extensive library, quiet and informal. Open till Oct. 15. Also 6-room furnished cottage for rent. September, October. Rent $85 monthly. Mrs. Belt, Eaton, Md.

PARMELEE FARM. Retired genteman-farmer likes company. 447 acres magnificently wooded hills, entirely secluded. Fine food, spacious rooms, civilized city comforts. Chester, Vt.

KANDAHAR LODGE, Manchester, Vt. Beautiful fall foliage. Restful, informal. All sports. Library, records. Reservations available. September, October. Reasonable. Folder.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, New York. Delightful peaceful homestead. Adults only. Tempting meals. Inexpensive. North Clove 2421.

GREEN SHADOWS, Lyme, Conn., quiet informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

COUNTRY VACATION! SUDBURY INN on Lake Hortonia, Sudbury, Vt. Superlative food. Crow-bar.

DIFFERENT FROM THE REST. Accommodates 55. 30th Season. Rates $12 a day, $70 a week. TED OHMER'S WESTERN VIEW FARM, New Milford, Conn. Tel.: New Milford 440.

SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE

25 West 45 Street, New York 19, N. Y.

☐ One Year for $6 ☐ 2 Years for $10

☐ 3 Years for $14

☐ Remittance Enclosed. ☐ Bill Me.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____

ZONE_____ STATE_____

Add $1.00 per subscription year for Canadian and foreign orders excluding Pan America.

9/17/49

Printed by STEINBERG PRESS, INC., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 808

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

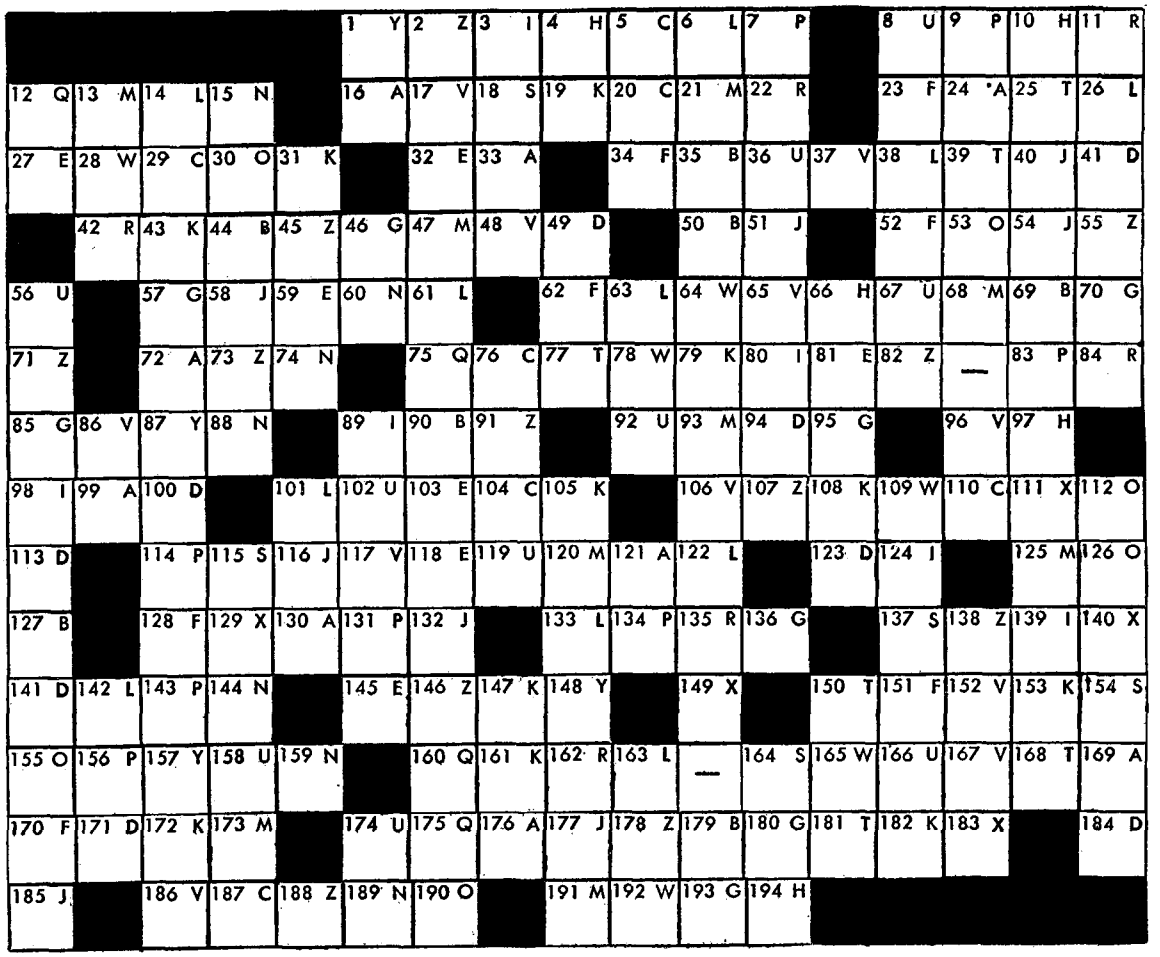
By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Abode of the giants (Norse myth.; var. sp.).	16 33 72 24 176 99 121 169 130
B. That part of a stratum which appears at the surface (geol. and mining).	50 69 44 35 127 90 179
C. First name of Lord Nelson of English Naval fame.	187 104 76 5 20 29 110
D. Pertaining to the universe in its present state,	141 100 184 41 123 49 94 171 113
E. Tawny.	103 118 27 59 81 32 145
F. Goods; movables.	34 170 52 151 62 128 23
G. American banker and novelist (1846-98; "David Harum").	57 95 193 70 46 85 180 136
H. A strong paper, usually dark brown, made from sulphate pulp.	194 4 10 97 66
I. Father of Cinq-Mars; negotiated marriage of Charles I of England and Princess Henrietta Maria.	3 124 89 80 139 98
J. A kind of power machine used in making rayon, with boatlike shuttles.	132 177 58 40 51 185 116 54
K. Repeatedly (3 wds.).	182 147 172 43 153 19 79 108 161 31 105
L. Play by Ibsen, 1886.	163 38 122 101 142 14 26 61 63 6 133
M. Surname of London flower-girl and her father in Shaw's "Pygmalion."	173 125 93 47 120 68 191 21 13
N. Act of molting, as in crustaceans, insects, etc.	74 60 88 159 15 189 144
O. Bay of Nelson's victory over the French (Battle of the Nile, 1798).	53 30 126 155 112 190
P. Swedish woman novelist and poet, recipient of Nobel prize in literature, 1909.	9 156 83 131 143 7 134 114
Q. Congenial; intimate.	75 175 160 12
R. Is uneasy with eager longing.	22 162 42 84 11 135
S. Judge of the fairest in awarding Golden Apple (Greek myth.).	137 115 154 18 164
T. Bending easily; supple.	168 181 39 25 77 150
U. To bring to completion.	102 174 119 36 166 8 158 67 92 56
V. Son of Achilles (Gr. myth; called also Pyrrhus).	37 106 96 167 186 17 117 48 152 86 65
W. Pertaining to the nostrils.	109 192 28 165 64 78
X. American painter (1801-46; "MacCready as William Tell" in Met. Museum, etc.).	129 183 111 149 140
Y. Mount, now Pisgah, from which Moses viewed the Promised Land (Bib.).	87 148 157 1
Z. Mahayana (2 wds.).	82 91 71 146 55 2 188 73 45 107 138 178

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



SEPTEMBER 17, 1949

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 40 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WORLD NEXT DOOR

BY FRITZ PETERS

FARRAR, STRAUS

WHEN RICHARD ROVERE CALLED THIS NOVEL "A SHATTERING EXPERIENCE FOR THE READER," we debated the wisdom of quoting him. We wondered whether we should reveal the terrifying impact of the story or conceal an aspect of it which, we thought, might scare some readers away. But as one enthusiastic comment after another came in from advance readers, we learned that we could stop worrying about this point. They found more than terror, bitterness and shocking brutality in the novel; they found hope and kindness and the profound inspiration which is inherent in a story of human triumph over the loneliest of human disasters.

THE WORLD NEXT DOOR is a novel of insanity. At least that is a brief and convenient label for people in a hurry, just as "novel of insanity" also classifies several other recent best-sellers. But there the similarity ends, because THE WORLD NEXT DOOR is not merely *about* insanity, it is a mirror held up to insanity itself. It is the first-person story of David Mitchell's total experiences as a patient in the violent ward of a mental hospital. You share those experiences as he lives them from moment to moment... experiences no reader has ever shared so deeply nor so intimately before. David knew everything. He knew he had been handcuffed by the police, that his hands had been burned, that he could look at the sun for hours without blinking, that his family had stood by and watched him being locked up. He knew he was God, that he must die... and most of all, that he had found another world. And David remembered everything—that he had to scream and fight against himself, against incompetent doctors, sadistic attendants, indifference, his family—the whole world if necessary—to win his way back from the world next door to the freedom of sanity. And he found a way that others might follow.

THE WORLD NEXT DOOR is brilliantly written. Through Fritz Peter's magic you comprehend the pitiful, horrifying and often hopeless confusion, the rambling, senseless reveries, the struggle when, in moments of outraged rationality, a man lashes out against the thing he knows he is and fears he will always be.

You will read this astonishing story with your heart and your nerves as well as with your mind. We believe you will add your praise to such first comments as: "Its simplicity and passion have spoken to me more clearly than any book I have read in years."—Carson McCullers; "an extraordinary document, admirably written and completely convincing."—Random House's Robert Linscott; "compelling novel... and one you'll never forget."—Editor of *Wings;* "... it reveals a world in a way no other account of a like experience has accomplished or attempted... a thrilling piece of work."—Eudora Welty.

At all bookstores $3.00

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED